No. 37

TINKLE

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HOLIDAY SPECIAL

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TALES & TOONS

A Sparkling Diwali for **Butterfingers**..... 4-11
Toomai of the Elephants..... 14-29
The Tiger's Bride..... 33-39
Misty… the Ghost..... 40-44
Suppandi: *Surya Namaskar*..... 46
Shikari Shambu: *Rescuing Daisy*..... 49-58
The Chinese Calendar..... 62-70
Diwali at the Sharmas'..... 75-81
Suppandi: *X-Ray*..... 85-86
Janoo and Wooly Woo: *The Ant Fairy*..... 87-95

MEASURE YOUr LEISURE

Toon Tactics..... 3
Magic Diwali Lantern..... 13
Plan B..... 32
Logicomix..... 45
Video Watch: *The Red Balloon*..... 47
You be the Detective..... 48
Maths Muddlers..... 59
Laugh Lines..... 82-83
Mind Ticklers..... 84
Answers to Puzzles..... 96

HOLIDAY READING

Crazy Structures and Forgotten Ruins..... 30-31
Fire Stories..... 60-61
Mrs. McWilliams and the Lightning..... 71-74

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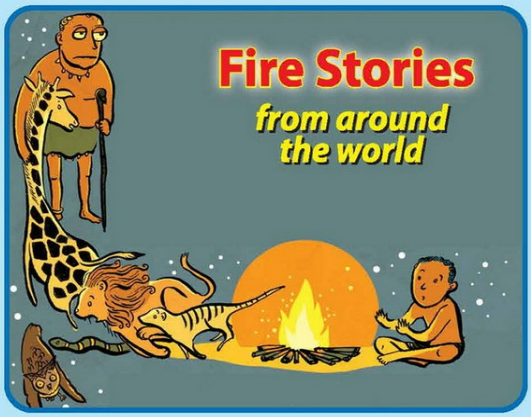
Hi Friends,
With this issue featuring two stories on Diwali, my thoughts have turned to firecrackers. If I could invent firecrackers, I would create quite a few and try to keep them as non-polluting as possible. There would be one that looked and acted like a comet. It would zip here and there and suddenly fizzle out after leaving a fiery trail. Another one would be the boomerang. Anytime anyone scared the living daylights out of you by blowing up a bomb right when you were walking past, the bomb would gather the forces of its explosion and chase the culprit all over the place. Then there would be the musical flower pot that showered sparkles on everyone in the vicinity and made them dance madly. What kind of firecrackers would you invent? Write to me at tinklemail@ack-media.com
Wish you a mad, zany and safe Diwali! And if you are not celebrating the festival, have a blast anyway!
Rajani

See Inside



TINKLE
WHERE LEARNING MEETS FUN
Holiday Special
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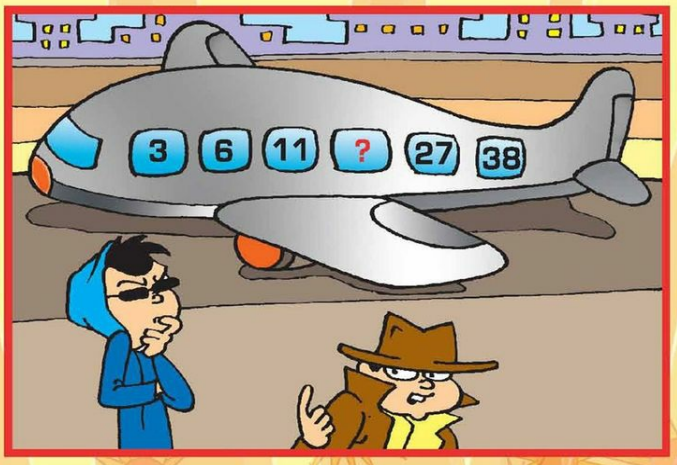
TOON TACTICS

The Plane Windowpane Puzzle

Ravi and Rahul's flight has been delayed because one of the windowpanes of the plane they were supposed to board, has gone missing. The good news is that each windowpane of this aeroplane has a number etched on it. The windows are arranged such that these numbers form a particular sequence. If you find the number that the missing windowpane should have, maybe the Defective Detectives can locate it...



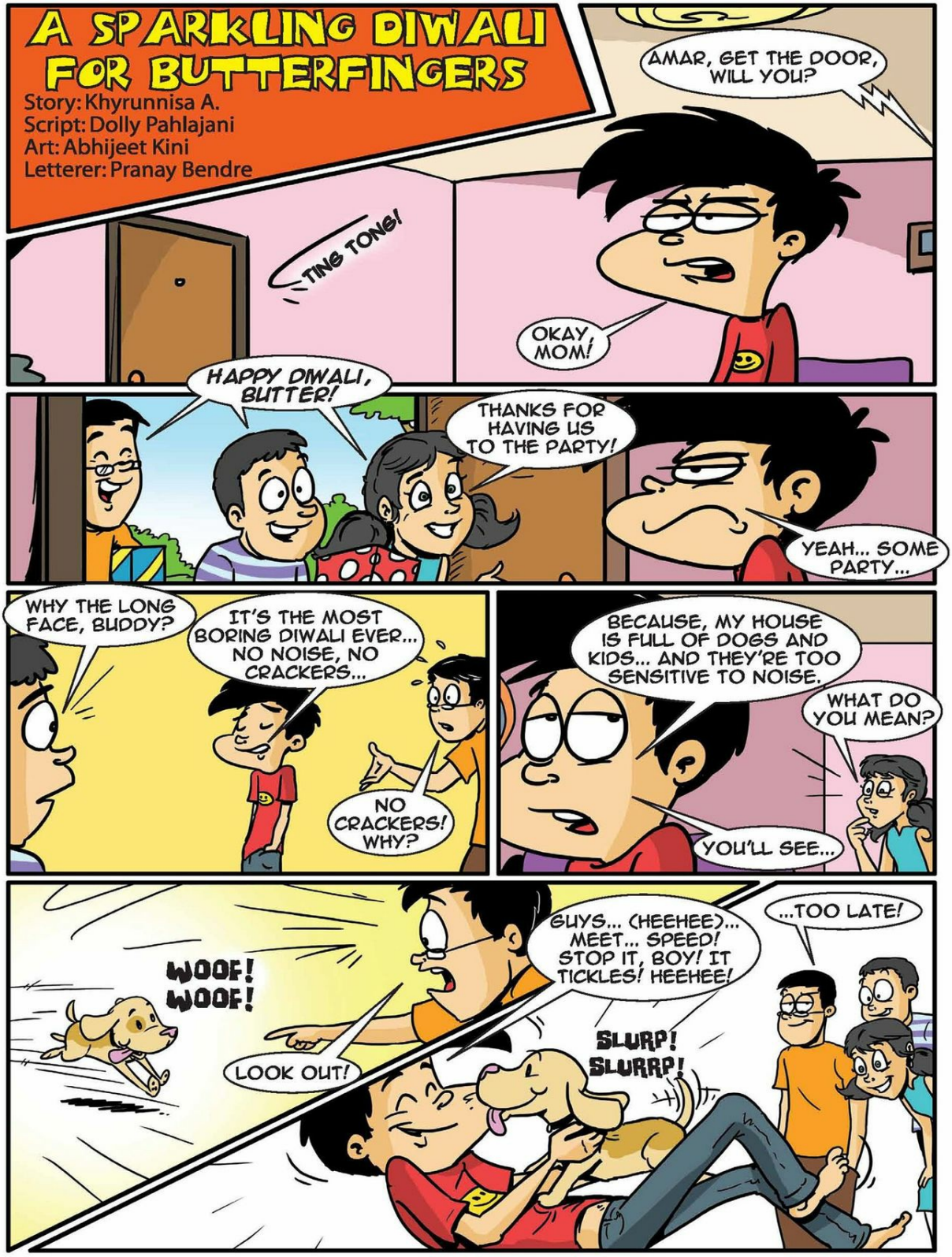
Maths Quiz

Butterfingers has a surprise maths quiz today. Can you help him out?
Teacher: Divide the number of days in the month of April by half and add 5 to it.
What should Butter say?

Answers on Pg. 96

A SPARKLING DIWALI FOR BUTTERFINGERS

Story: Khyrunnisa A.
Script: Dolly Pahlajani
Art: Abhijeet Kini
Letterer: Pranay Bendre



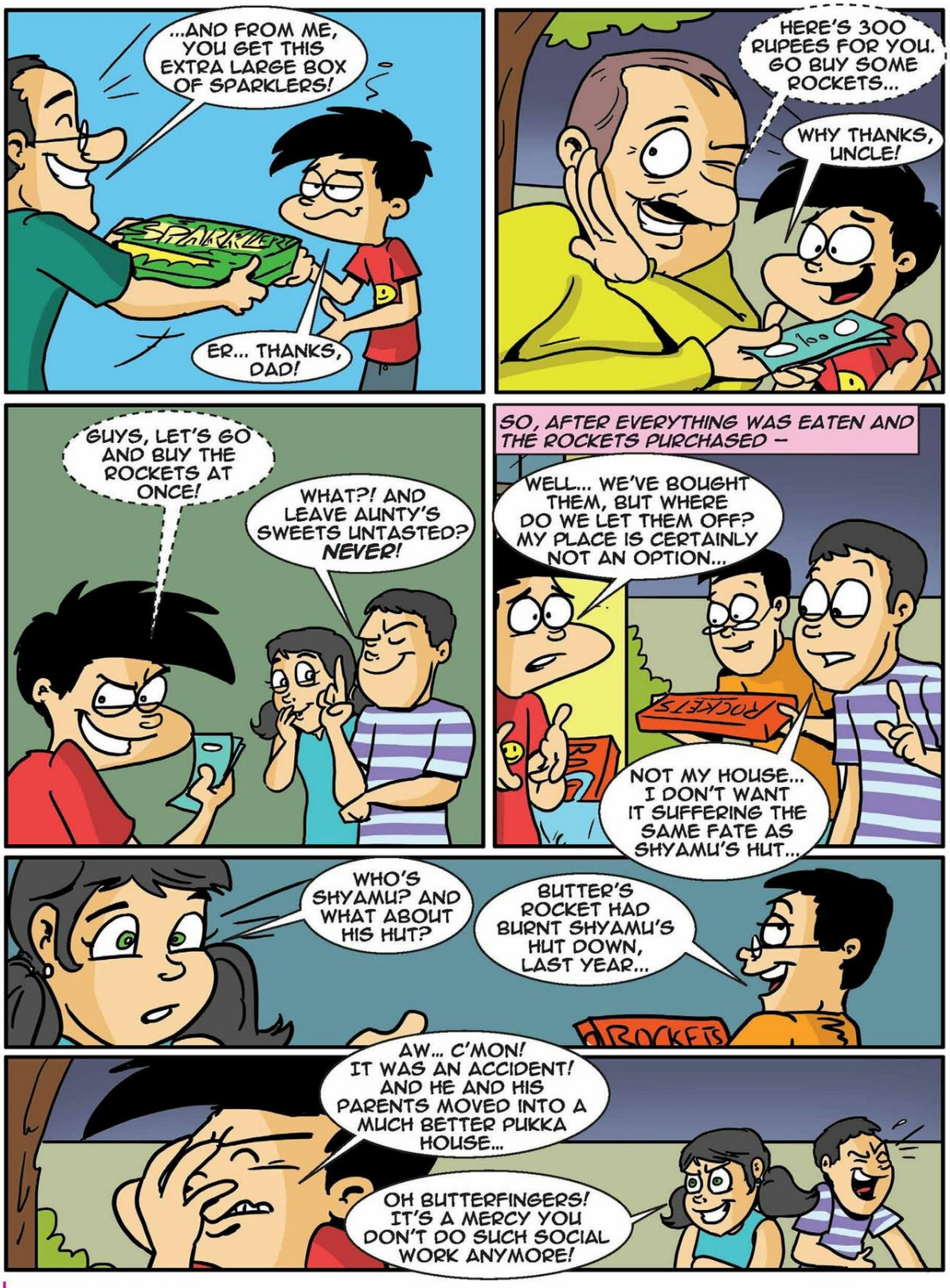
HOW DID YOU MANAGE TO GET FREE, YOU ROGUE?
WOOF!
HE'S SO CUTE! IS HE YOURS?
NAH! HE BELONGS TO MY AUNT... SHE LEFT HIM HERE FOR A FEW DAYS... RUN ALONG, YOU!
AHH... FINALLY, I'M UP!
BHAIYYA! SEE... NEW DRESS!
UH-OH...
NITYA... HOW CAN I SEE YOUR DRESS LIKE THIS?
SWEETY, GET OFF AMAR BHAIYYA...
NOOO...
SWEETY... TWO SWEETS FOR YOU IF YOU COME HERE!
SWEETS!!

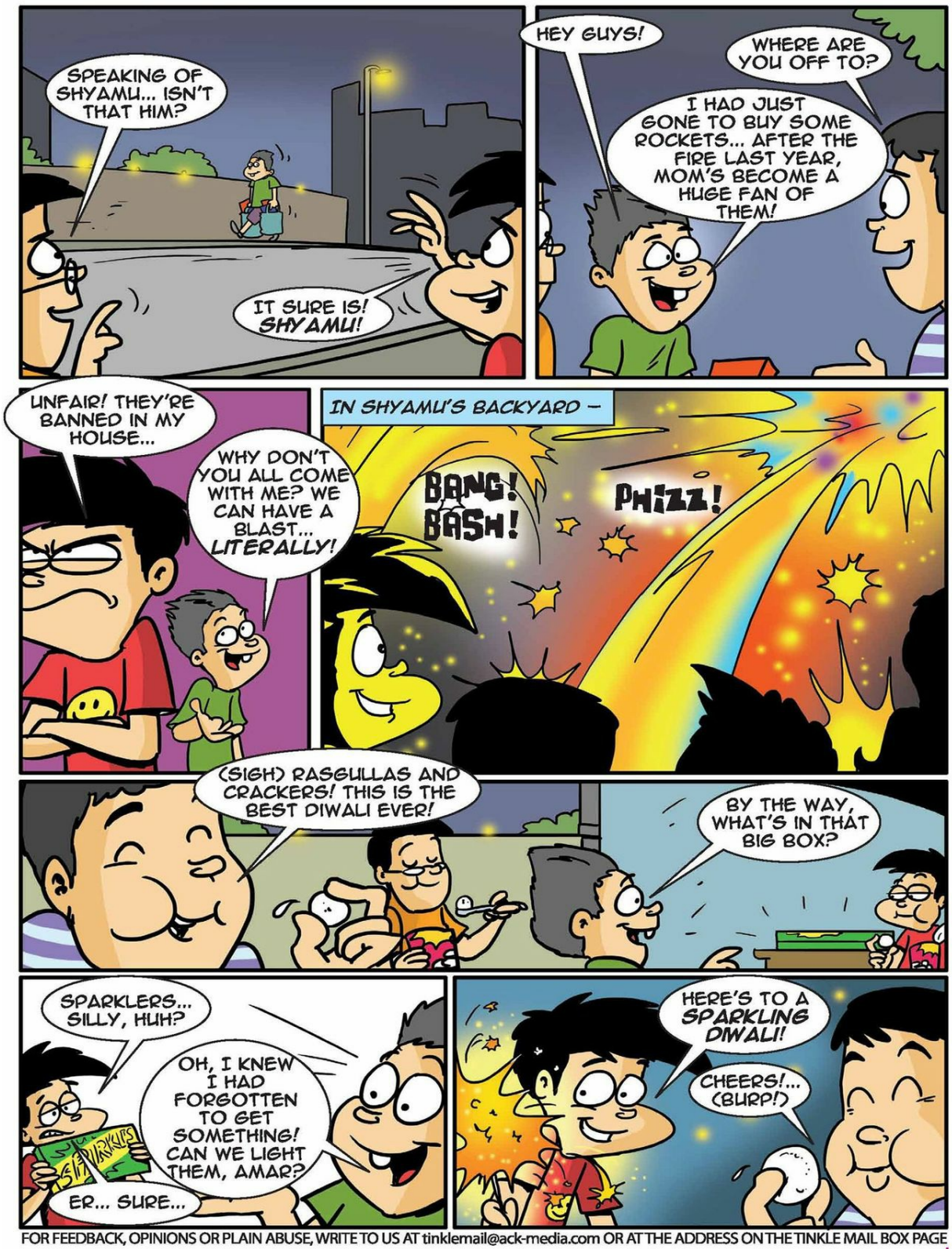
WHO'RE THEY?
THAT'S NITYA AKA SWEETY... AND THOSE ARE HER PARENTS, SHUBIR UNCLE AND KUSUM AUNTY. THEY ARE MY PARENTS' FRIENDS FROM KOLKATA.
KOLKATA! YUMMY RASGULLAS!
BUTTER, I'D GLADLY FORSAKE CRACKERS FOR RASGULLAS... THEY'VE BROUGHT SOME, HAVEN'T THEY?
YES, YOU GREEDY PIGS, THEY'VE BROUGHT THREE WHOLE TINS... I SAW THEM ROLL OUT WHEN I ACCIDENTALLY DROPPED THEIR BAG...
SO... WHEN DO WE GET AT THEM?
NEVER... MUM ASKED KUSUM AUNTY FOR TINNED FISH INSTEAD OF RASGULLAS... GROWN-UPS!
POP!
NOOOO!
WHAT'S DIWALI WITHOUT RASGULLAS...?
A RASGULLA-LESS DIWALI?
I'M EXCITED ANYWAY... IT'S MY FIRST DIWALI HERE!
YOU WON'T BE WHEN YOU'VE LIT SOME SPARKLERS... AND THEN SOME MORE SPARKLERS! THAT'S ALL WE HAVE!

WRONG! WE ALSO HAVE SOME NICE AND SAFE CATHERINE WHEELS... C'MON TO THE BACKYARD...
HUMPH!
IN THE BACKYARD –
THERE YOU ARE, AMAR! TAKE SPEED AWAY AND TIE HIM TO A TREE BEFORE HE SPOILS ALL MY SWEETS!
BUT MOM! HE HATES BEING TIED UP...
DIDN'T YOU HEAR, BUTTER? WE NEED TO SAVE THESE YUMMY SWEETS... FOR ME... ER, I MEAN, FOR THE GUESTS...
LEARN FROM YOUR FRIEND, AMAR. NOW GO TIE SPEED UP!
TRAITOR!
IT'S JUST FOR A LITTLE WHILE, BUDDY!
AMAR! SPARKLER TIME!
SOMETIME LATER –
I THINK I'LL GET SPARKLER SICKNESS!
HOW COME SWEETY GETS TO EAT NOW AND WE DON'T? MY HEART BURNS WITH THESE SPARKLERS!
C'MON GUYS! SHOW SOME SPARKLING SPIRIT!
ERM... YES, UNCLE!

SUDDENLY –
COUGH! SPUTTER! SPUTTER!
SHE'S CHOKING! AMAR, FETCH SOME WATER, QUICK!
OKAY!
HEY EVERYONE! I'VE LIT THE CATHERINE WHEEL! MAKE SPACE!
FZZZZZZZT! FZZZZZZZZT!
COUGH! COUGH... HUH?!
SWEETY! ARE YOU OKAY?
SOOOOO PRETTTTTYYY! ME WANT!
SWEETY, NO! YOU'LL GET BURNT!
MEANWHILE –
WATER! (PANT-PANT)
WOOF! WOOF!

NOOOO!
HISSSS!
SWEETY! YOU'RE SAFE! PAPA'S GOT YOU!
WHERE... PRETTY??
AMAR!
I DIDN'T DO ANYTHING... IT WAS SPEED... HE MANAGED TO GET FREE AGAIN.
WOOF!
YOU SAVED MY SWEETY...
...IN TYPICAL BUTTERFINGERS FASHION!
I DID?
HOW CAN I THANK YOU, MY LAD?
I LIKE... I MEAN, HE LIKES RASGULLAS, AUNTY!
I THOUGHT NO ONE IN THIS HOUSE LIKES RASGULLAS... WELL, AMAR, YOU CAN HAVE THEM ALL! I HAVE...
...THREE TINS!
HOW'D YOU KNOW?
OH... ER... PEOPLE GENERALLY GET THREE OF EVERYTHING...
THEY DO?


...AND FROM ME, YOU GET THIS EXTRA LARGE BOX OF SPARKLERS!
SPARKLERS
ER... THANKS, DAD!
HERE'S 300 RUPEES FOR YOU. GO BUY SOME ROCKETS...
WHY THANKS, UNCLE!
GUYS, LET'S GO AND BUY THE ROCKETS AT ONCE!
WHAT?! AND LEAVE AUNTY'S SWEETS UNTASTED? NEVER!
SO, AFTER EVERYTHING WAS EATEN AND THE ROCKETS PURCHASED –
WELL... WE'VE BOUGHT THEM, BUT WHERE DO WE LET THEM OFF? MY PLACE IS CERTAINLY NOT AN OPTION...
ROCKETS
NOT MY HOUSE... I DON'T WANT IT SUFFERING THE SAME FATE AS SHYAMU'S HUT...
WHO'S SHYAMU? AND WHAT ABOUT HIS HUT?
BUTTER'S ROCKET HAD BURNT SHYAMU'S HUT DOWN, LAST YEAR...
ROCKETS
AW... C'MON! IT WAS AN ACCIDENT! AND HE AND HIS PARENTS MOVED INTO A MUCH BETTER PUKKA HOUSE...
OH BUTTERFINGERS! IT'S A MERCY YOU DON'T DO SUCH SOCIAL WORK ANYMORE!

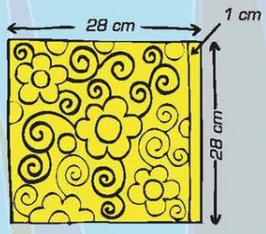


FOR FEEDBACK, OPINIONS OR PLAIN ABUSE, WRITE TO US AT tinklemail@ack-media.com OR AT THE ADDRESS ON THE TINKLE MAIL BOX PAGE

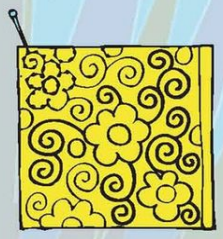
DO IT YOURSELF

MAGIC DIWALI LANTERN!

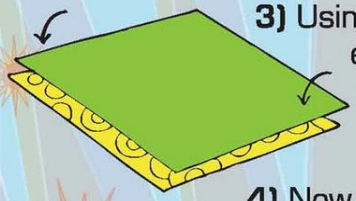
- 28 x 28 cm bright yellow tinted paper
- 28 x 28 cm green gelatin paper
- Glue stick
- Thread
- Pin
- Black sketch pen



1) Take the yellow tinted paper, and make a 1 cm margin on the right, as shown. On the remaining part, draw a pattern of your choice with the black sketch pen.



2) Now, with a pin, make tiny perforations (holes) along the pattern.



3) Using the glue stick only on the edges of the gelatin paper, paste it over the tinted paper, as shown.

4) Now put some glue on the 1 cm flap, roll with the gelatin paper on the inside, and paste the other end over the flap.

5) Make two holes on either side of the lantern, large enough for the thread to go through.

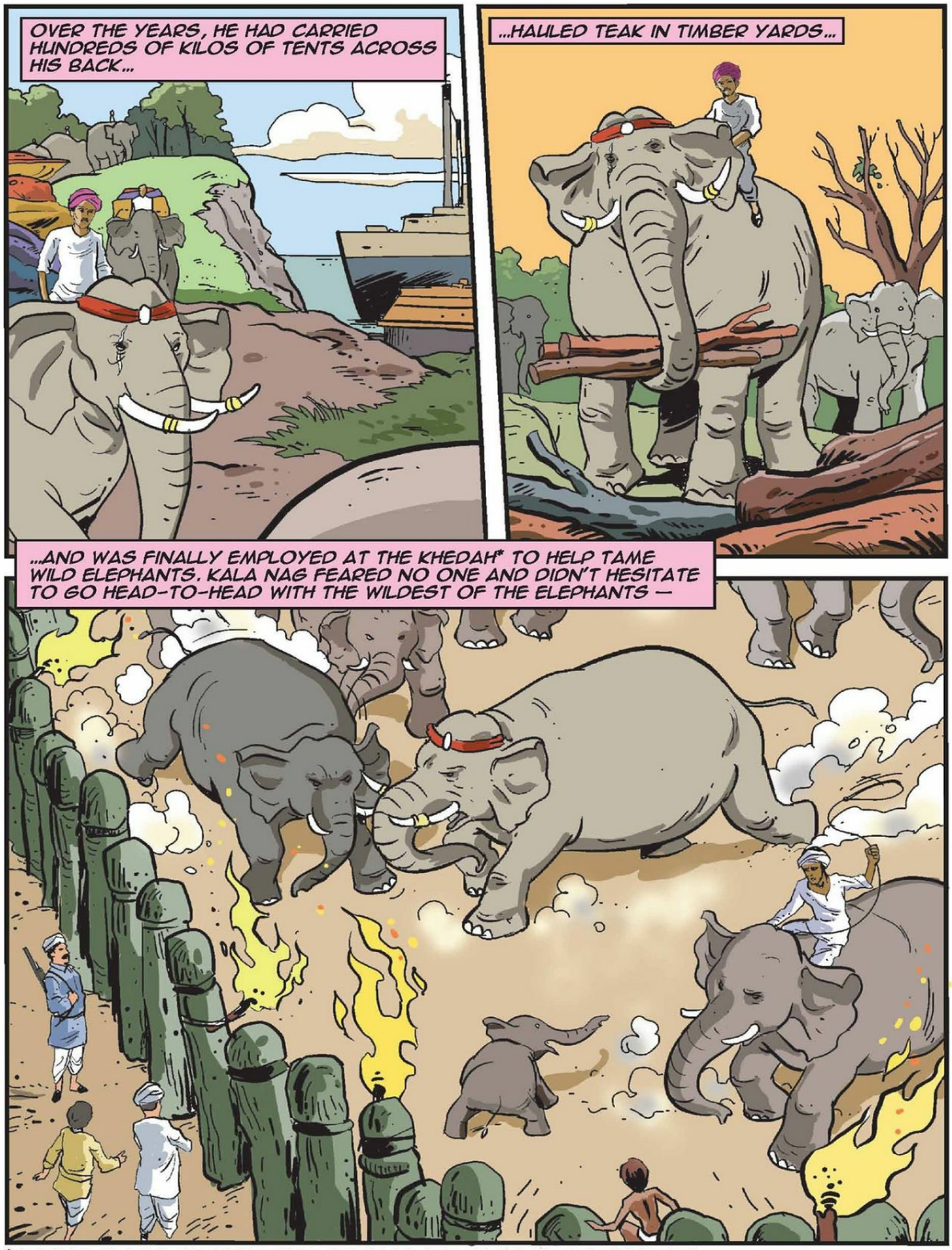
6) Your lantern is ready. Hang it up, put a bulb inside (with the help of an adult), and watch the beautiful patterns on your wall!

CRAFT IDEA: PRACHI KILLEKAR

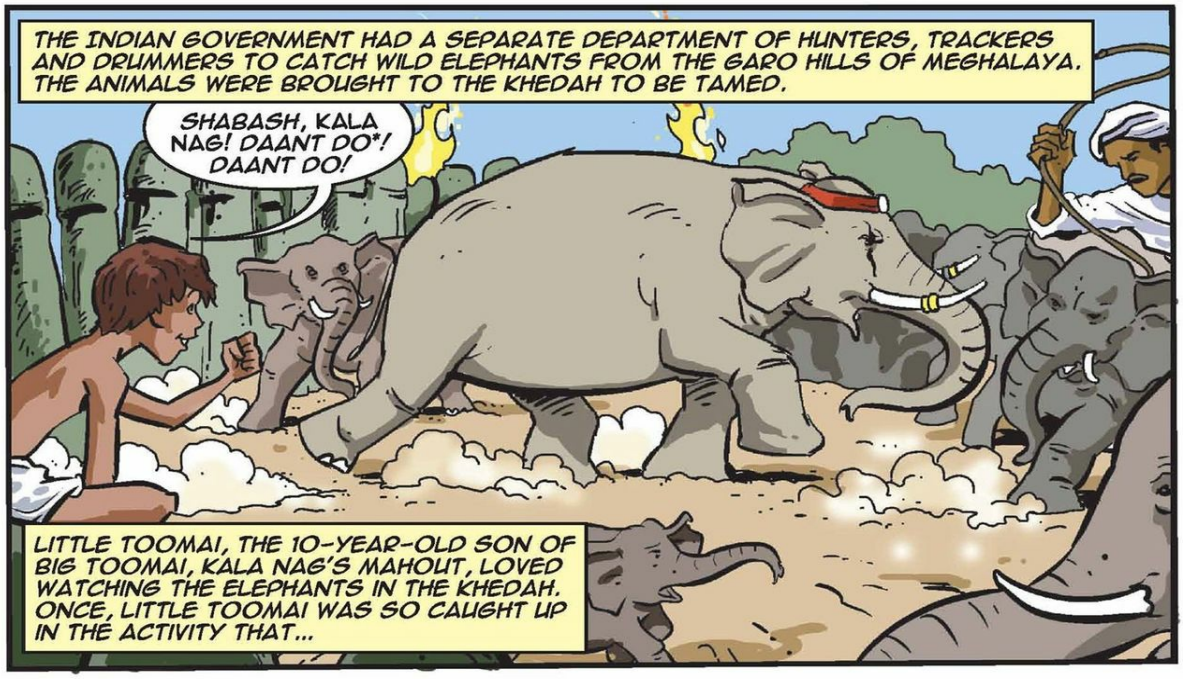
TOOMAI OF THE ELEPHANTS

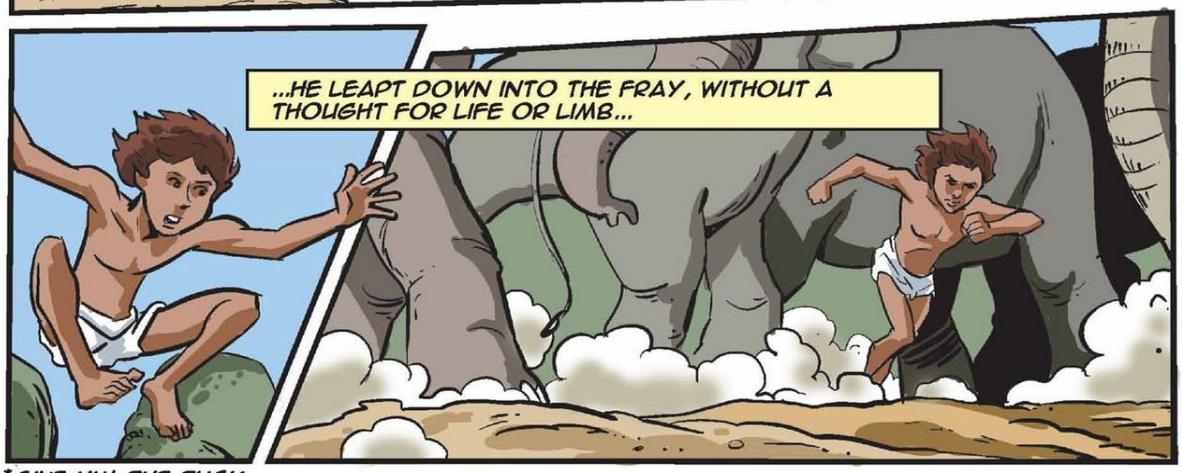
Based on the story from Rudyard Kipling's 'The Jungle Book'

Script: Rajani Thindiath | Art: Arijit Dutta Chowdhury | Lettering: Gajoo Tayde



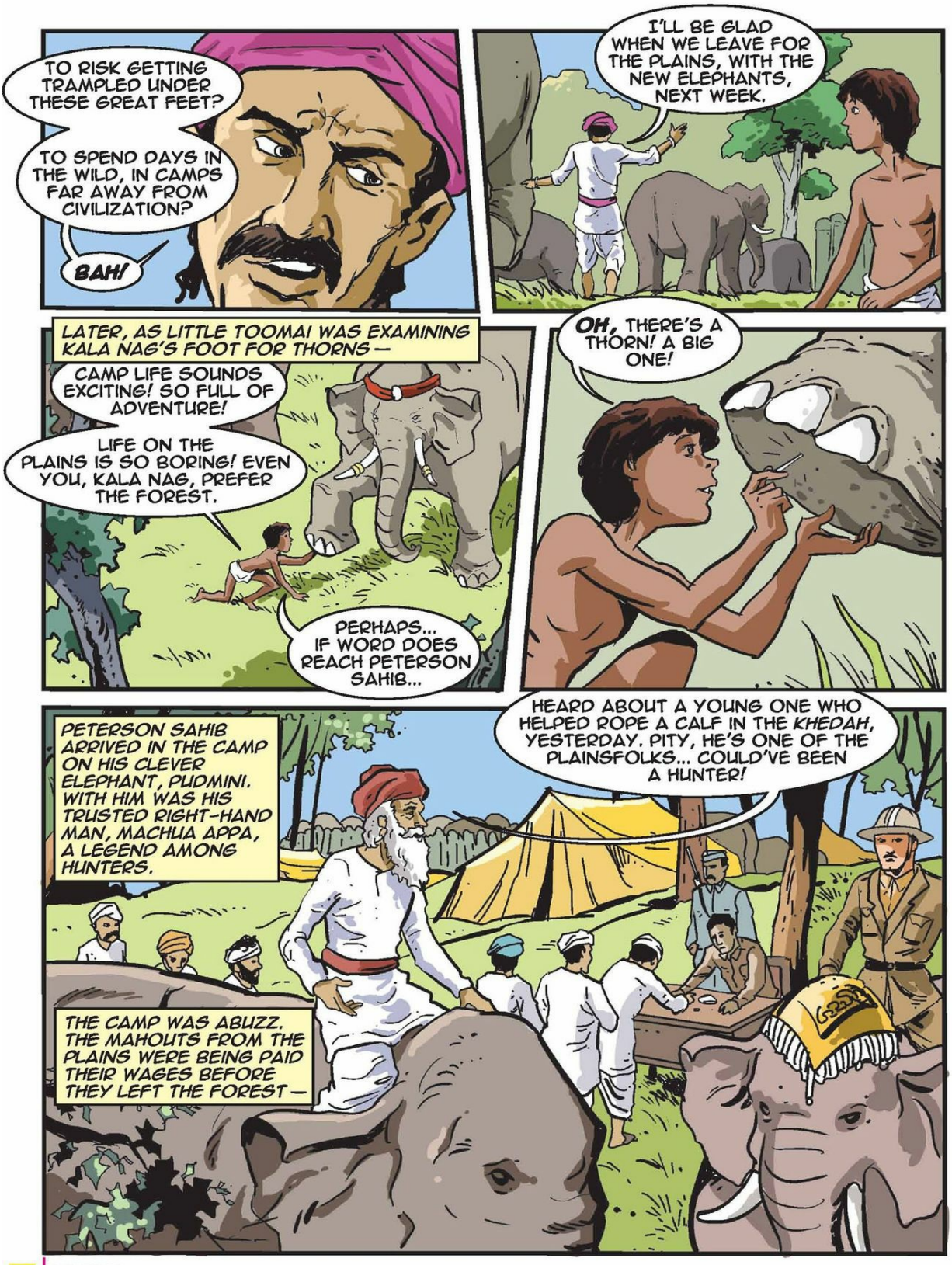
*AN ENCLOSURE CONSTRUCTED TO TRAP AND TAME WILD ELEPHANTS

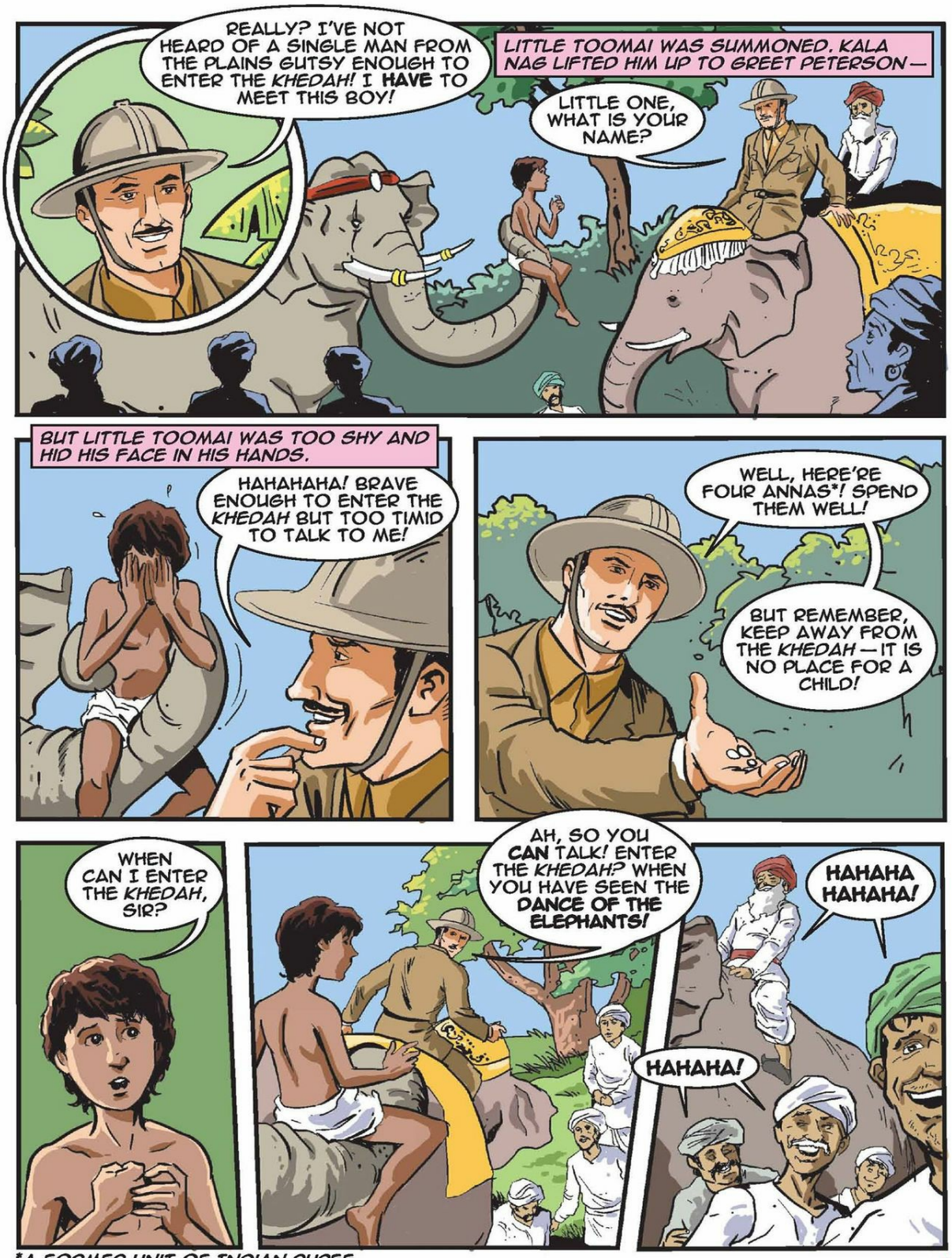




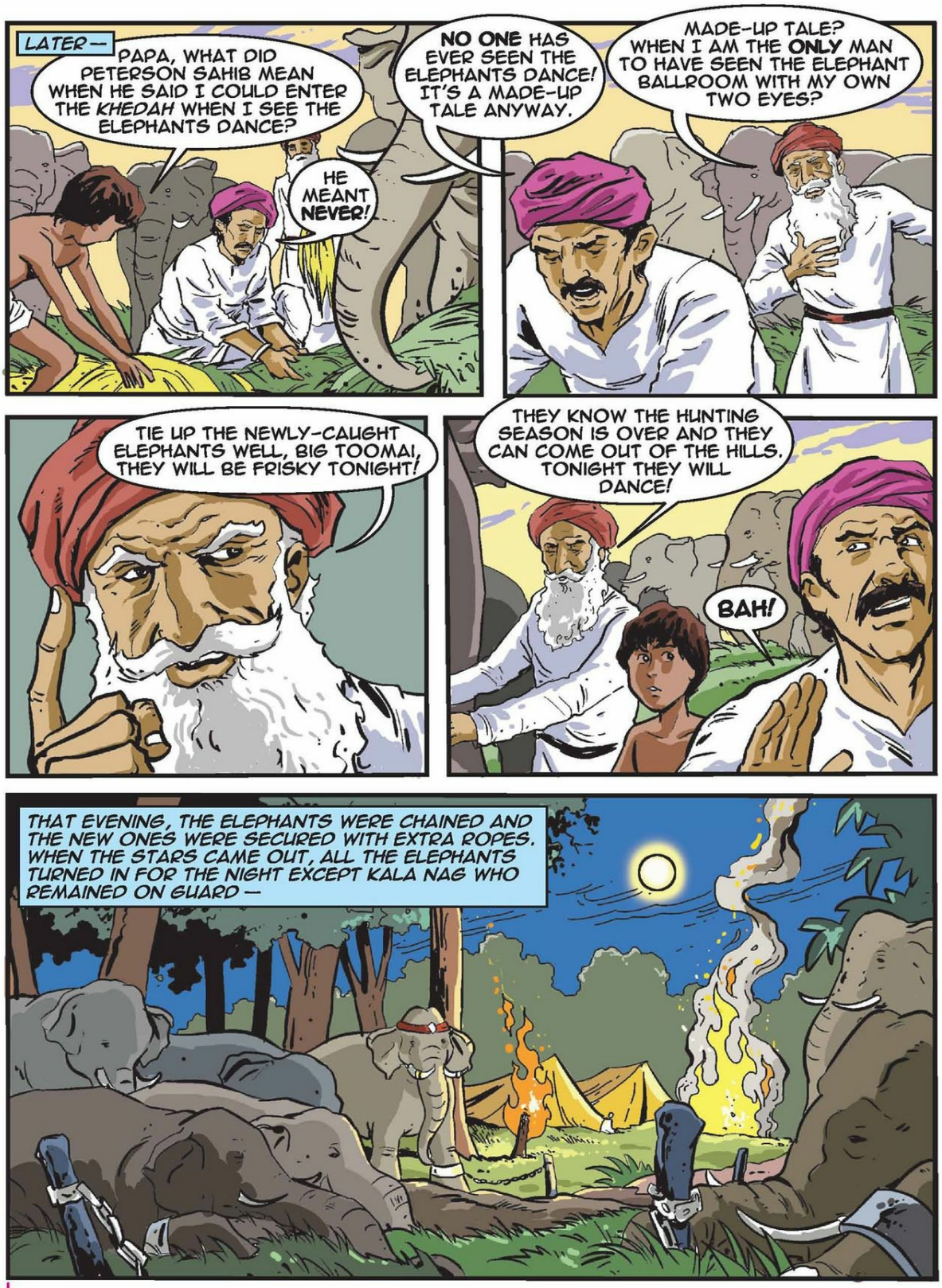
*GIVE HIM THE TUSK

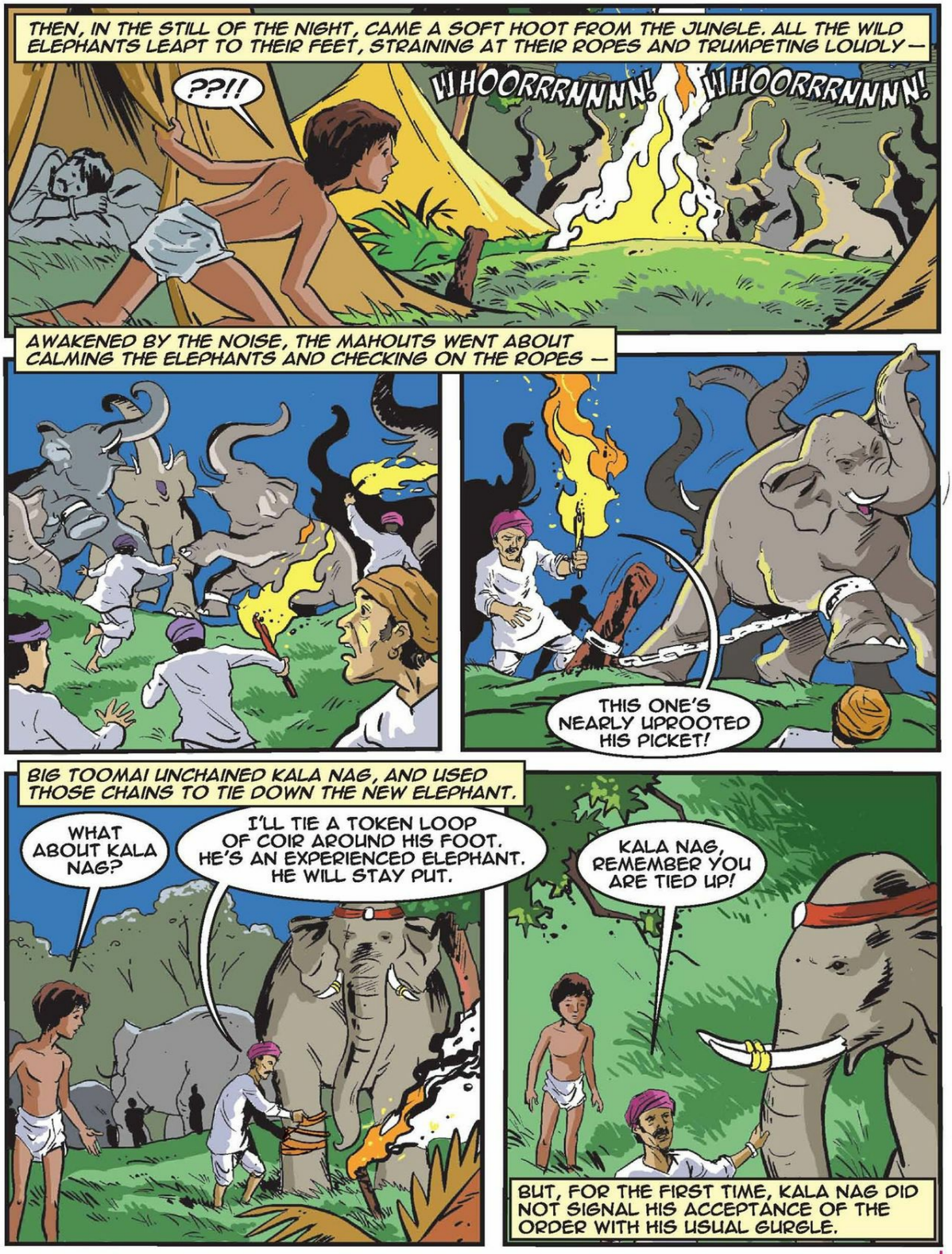
...GATHERED UP THE ROPE, AND HANDED IT UP TO THE MAHOUT...
...BEFORE BEING WHISKED AWAY TO SAFETY BY THE EVER-WATCHFUL KALA NAG.
IMP! YOU COULD'VE BEEN KILLED!
AND IF PETERSON SAHIB HEARS OF THIS, HE'LL THINK ABOUT RECRUITING YOU INTO HIS OPERATIONS.
THUMP!
WHO IS PETERSON SAHIB, FATHER?
HE'S THE HEAD OF ALL KHEDAH OPERATIONS IN THE COUNTRY.
HE'LL PUT YOU UNDER MACHUA APPA AND TRAIN YOU TO HUNT WILD ELEPHANTS!
MACHUA APPA! THE GREATEST HUNTER EVER! WOULDN'T THAT BE A GOOD THING?
A GOOD THING? TO WANDER THESE FEVER-INFESTED FORESTS?

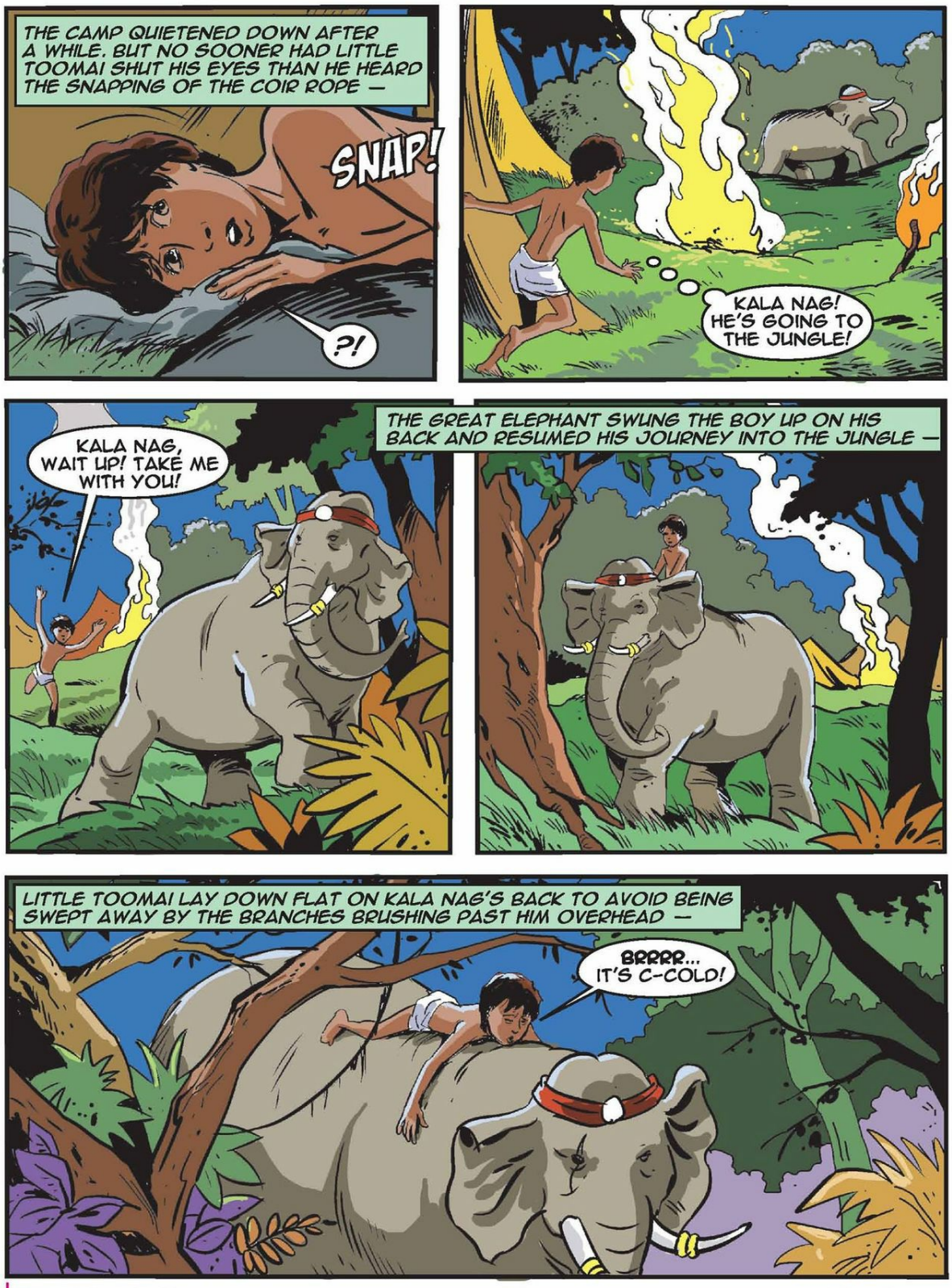

TO RISK GETTING TRAMPLED UNDER THESE GREAT FEET?
TO SPEND DAYS IN THE WILD, IN CAMPS FAR AWAY FROM CIVILIZATION?
BAH!
I'LL BE GLAD WHEN WE LEAVE FOR THE PLAINS, WITH THE NEW ELEPHANTS, NEXT WEEK.
LATER, AS LITTLE TOOMAI WAS EXAMINING KALA NAG'S FOOT FOR THORNS —
CAMP LIFE SOUNDS EXCITING! SO FULL OF ADVENTURE!
LIFE ON THE PLAINS IS SO BORING! EVEN YOU, KALA NAG, PREFER THE FOREST.
PERHAPS... IF WORD DOES REACH PETERSON SAHIB...
OH, THERE'S A THORN! A BIG ONE!
PETERSON SAHIB ARRIVED IN THE CAMP ON HIS CLEVER ELEPHANT, PUDMINI. WITH HIM WAS HIS TRUSTED RIGHT-HAND MAN, MACHUA APPA, A LEGEND AMONG HUNTERS.
HEARD ABOUT A YOUNG ONE WHO HELPED ROPE A CALF IN THE KHEDAH, YESTERDAY. PITY, HE'S ONE OF THE PLAINSFOLKS... COULD'VE BEEN A HUNTER!
THE CAMP WAS ABUZZ. THE MAHOUTS FROM THE PLAINS WERE BEING PAID THEIR WAGES BEFORE THEY LEFT THE FOREST —

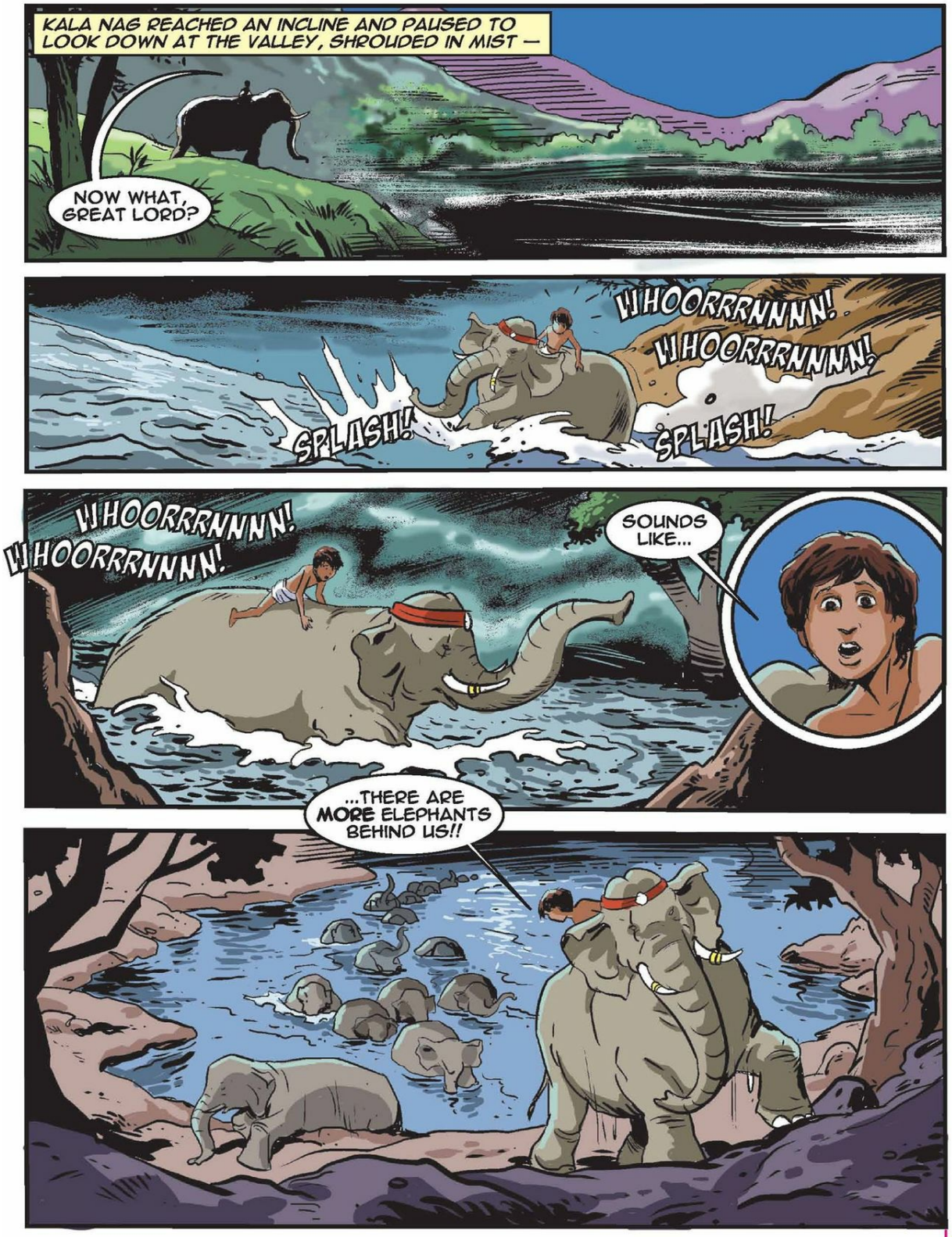


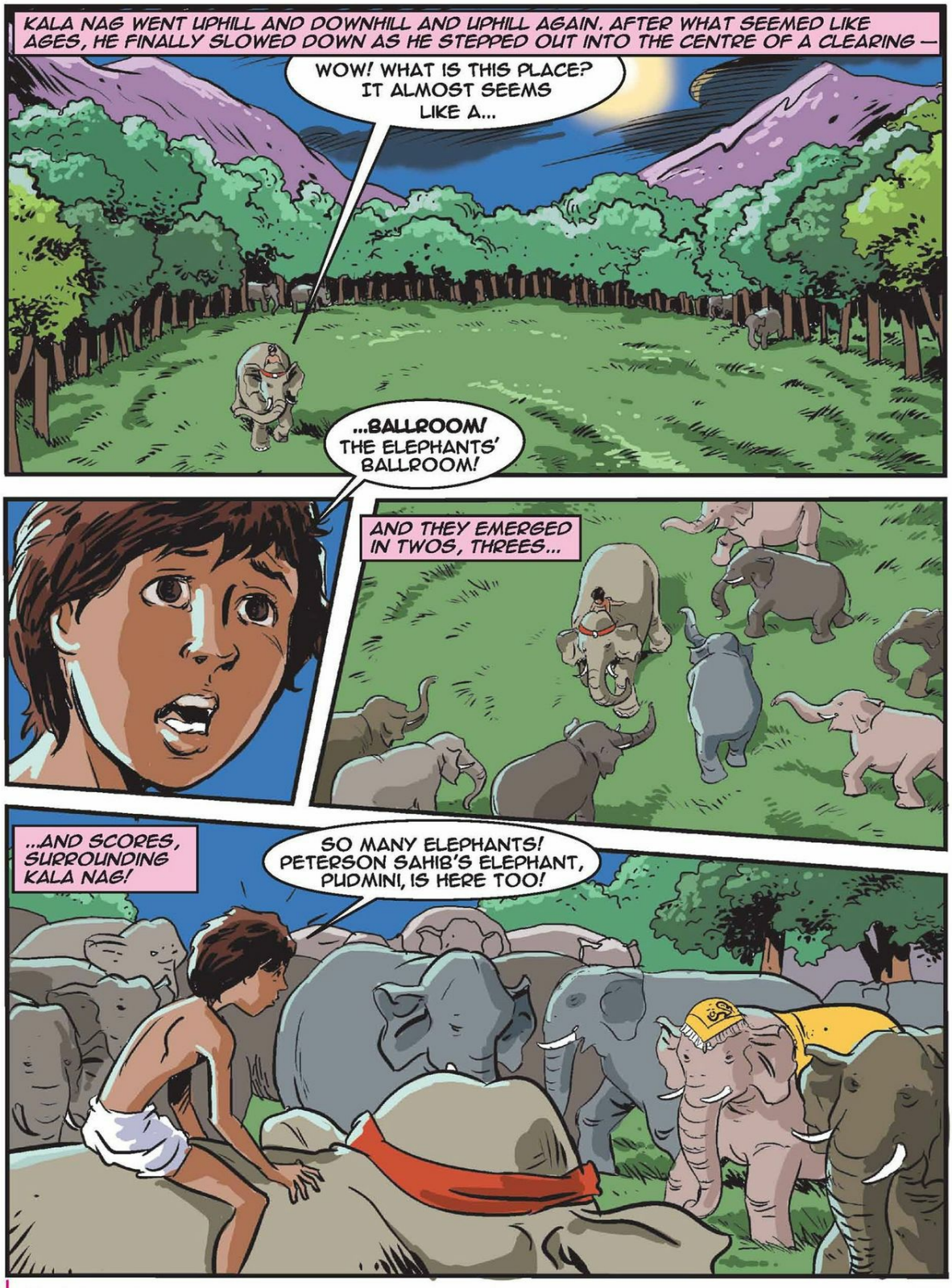
*A FORMER UNIT OF INDIAN RUPEE

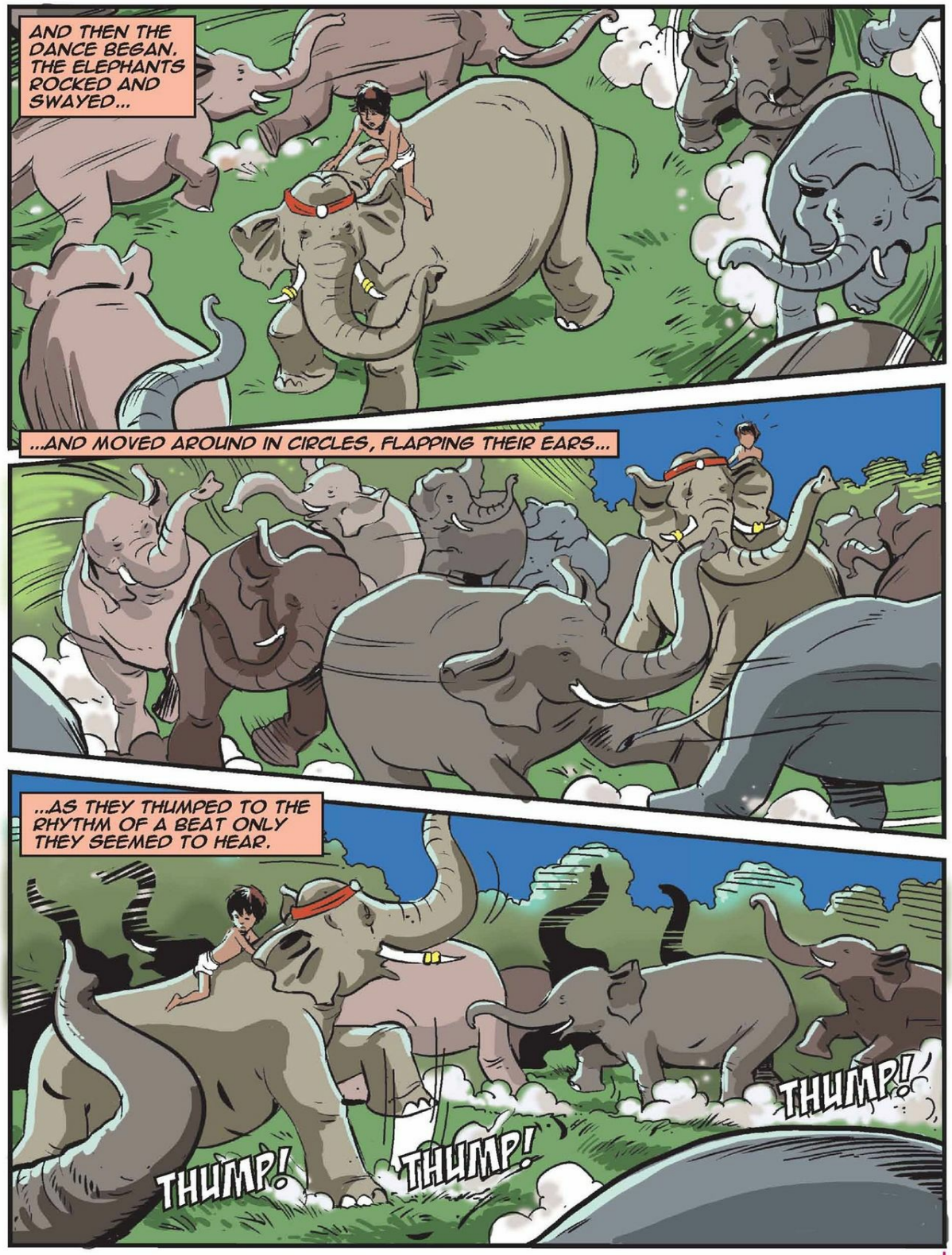

LATER—
PAPA, WHAT DID PETERSON SAHIB MEAN WHEN HE SAID I COULD ENTER THE KHEDAH WHEN I SEE THE ELEPHANTS DANCE?
HE MEANT NEVER!
NO ONE HAS EVER SEEN THE ELEPHANTS DANCE! IT'S A MADE-UP TALE ANYWAY.
MADE-UP TALE? WHEN I AM THE ONLY MAN TO HAVE SEEN THE ELEPHANT BALLROOM WITH MY OWN TWO EYES?
TIE UP THE NEWLY-CAUGHT ELEPHANTS WELL, BIG TOOMAI, THEY WILL BE FRISKY TONIGHT!
THEY KNOW THE HUNTING SEASON IS OVER AND THEY CAN COME OUT OF THE HILLS. TONIGHT THEY WILL DANCE!
BAH!
THAT EVENING, THE ELEPHANTS WERE CHAINED AND THE NEW ONES WERE SECURED WITH EXTRA ROPES. WHEN THE STARS CAME OUT, ALL THE ELEPHANTS TURNED IN FOR THE NIGHT EXCEPT KALA NAG WHO REMAINED ON GUARD —

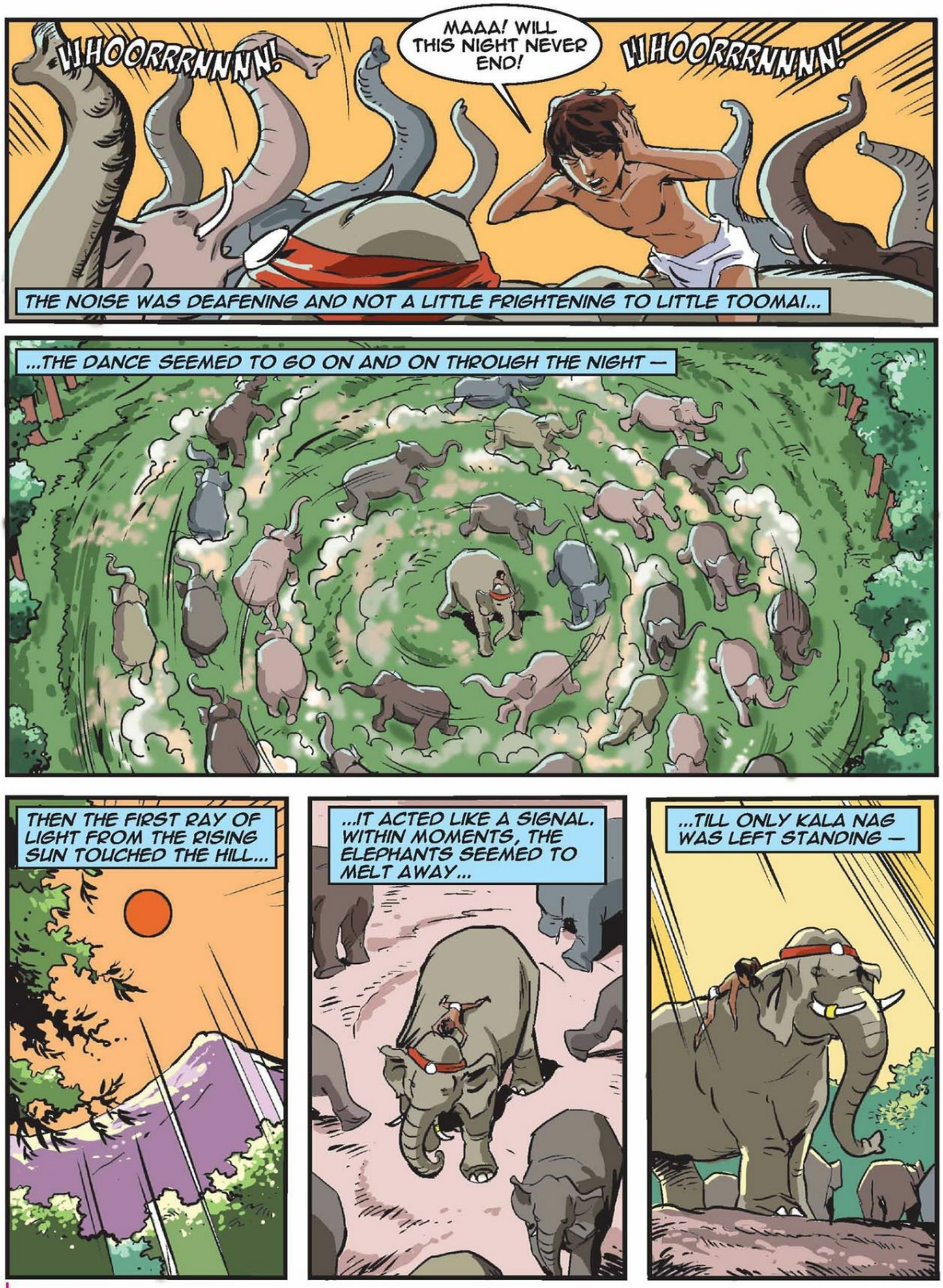

THEN, IN THE STILL OF THE NIGHT, CAME A SOFT HOOT FROM THE JUNGLE. ALL THE WILD ELEPHANTS LEAPT TO THEIR FEET, STRAINING AT THEIR ROPES AND TRUMPETING LOUDLY —
??!!
WHOORRRNNNN!
WHOORRRNNNN!
AWAKENED BY THE NOISE, THE MAHOUTS WENT ABOUT CALMING THE ELEPHANTS AND CHECKING ON THE ROPES —
THIS ONE'S NEARLY UPROOTED HIS PICKET!
BIG TOOMAI UNCHAINED KALA NAG, AND USED THOSE CHAINS TO TIE DOWN THE NEW ELEPHANT.
WHAT ABOUT KALA NAG?
I'LL TIE A TOKEN LOOP OF COIR AROUND HIS FOOT. HE'S AN EXPERIENCED ELEPHANT. HE WILL STAY PUT.
KALA NAG, REMEMBER YOU ARE TIED UP!
BUT, FOR THE FIRST TIME, KALA NAG DID NOT SIGNAL HIS ACCEPTANCE OF THE ORDER WITH HIS USUAL GURGLE.

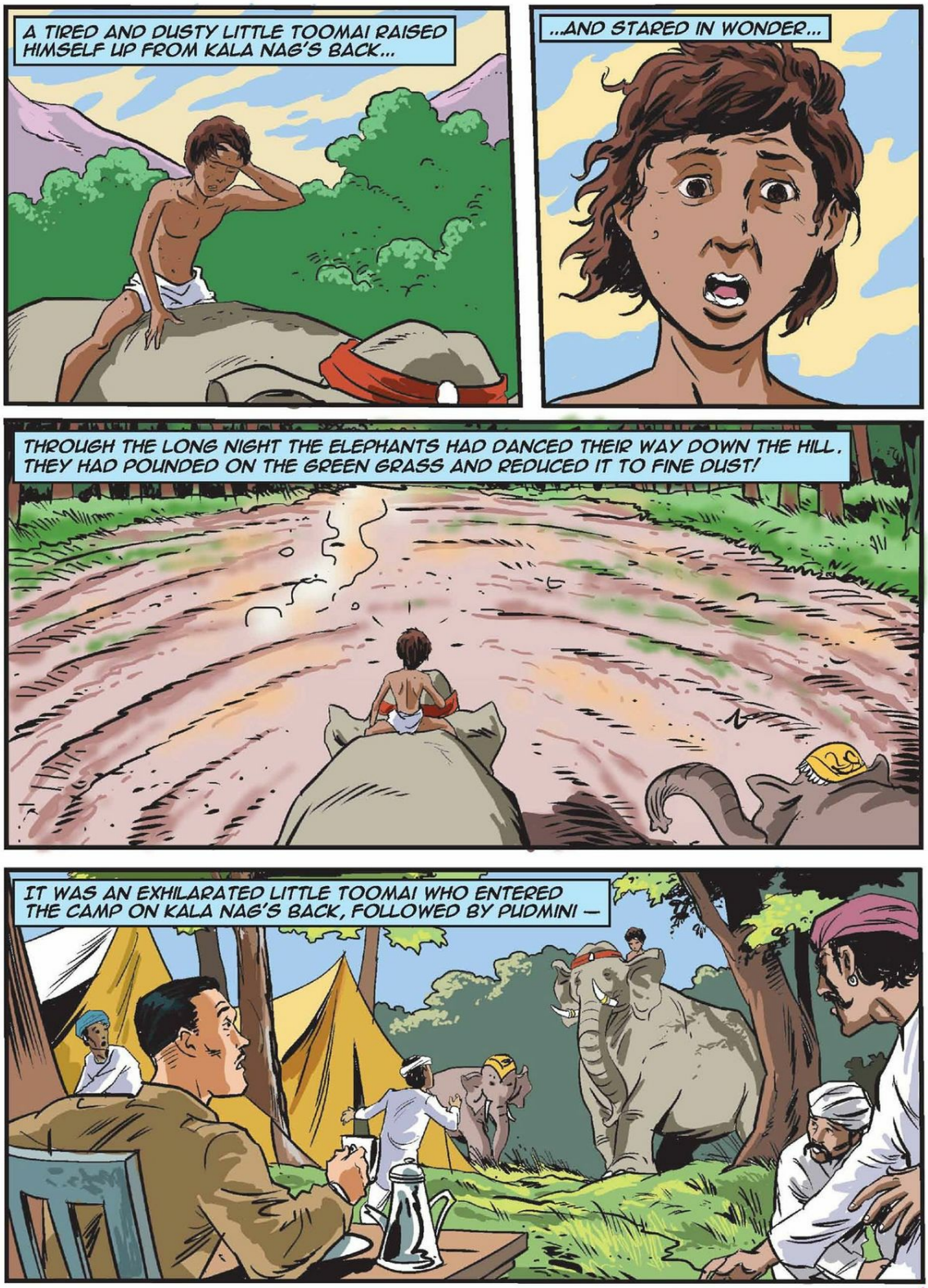

THE CAMP QUIETENED DOWN AFTER A WHILE. BUT NO SOONER HAD LITTLE TOOMAI SHUT HIS EYES THAN HE HEARD THE SNAPPING OF THE COIR ROPE —
SNAP!
?!
KALA NAG! HE'S GOING TO THE JUNGLE!
KALA NAG, WAIT UP! TAKE ME WITH YOU!
THE GREAT ELEPHANT SWUNG THE BOY UP ON HIS BACK AND RESUMED HIS JOURNEY INTO THE JUNGLE —
LITTLE TOOMAI LAY DOWN FLAT ON KALA NAG'S BACK TO AVOID BEING SWEPT AWAY BY THE BRANCHES BRUSHING PAST HIM OVERHEAD —
BRRRR... IT'S C-COLD!


KALA NAG REACHED AN INCLINE AND PAUSED TO LOOK DOWN AT THE VALLEY, SHROUDED IN MIST —
NOW WHAT, GREAT LORD?
SPLASH!
WHOORRRNNNN!
WHOORRRNNNN!
SPLASH!
WHOORRRNNNN!
WHOORRRNNNN!
SOUNDS LIKE...
...THERE ARE MORE ELEPHANTS BEHIND US!!


KALA NAG WENT UPHILL AND DOWNHILL AND UPHILL AGAIN. AFTER WHAT SEEMED LIKE AGES, HE FINALLY SLOWED DOWN AS HE STEPPED OUT INTO THE CENTRE OF A CLEARING —
WOW! WHAT IS THIS PLACE? IT ALMOST SEEMS LIKE A...
...BALLROOM! THE ELEPHANTS' BALLROOM!
AND THEY EMERGED IN TWOS, THREES...
...AND SCORES, SURROUNDING KALA NAG!
SO MANY ELEPHANTS! PETERSON SAHIB'S ELEPHANT, PUDMINI, IS HERE TOO!


AND THEN THE DANCE BEGAN. THE ELEPHANTS ROCKED AND SWAYED...
...AND MOVED AROUND IN CIRCLES, FLAPPING THEIR EARS...
...AS THEY THUMPED TO THE RHYTHM OF A BEAT ONLY THEY SEEMED TO HEAR.
THUMP!
THUMP!
THUMP!

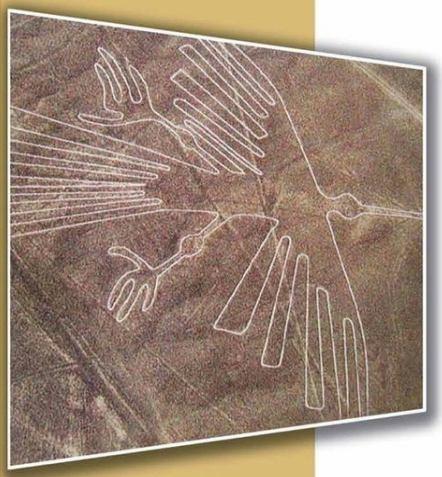

WHOORRRNNNN!
MAAA! WILL THIS NIGHT NEVER END!
WHOORRRNNNN!
THE NOISE WAS DEAFENING AND NOT A LITTLE FRIGHTENING TO LITTLE TOOMAI...
...THE DANCE SEEMED TO GO ON AND ON THROUGH THE NIGHT —
THEN THE FIRST RAY OF LIGHT FROM THE RISING SUN TOUCHED THE HILL...
...IT ACTED LIKE A SIGNAL. WITHIN MOMENTS, THE ELEPHANTS SEEMED TO MELT AWAY...
...TILL ONLY KALA NAG WAS LEFT STANDING —


A TIRED AND DUSTY LITTLE TOOMAI RAISED HIMSELF UP FROM KALA NAG'S BACK...
...AND STARED IN WONDER...
THROUGH THE LONG NIGHT THE ELEPHANTS HAD DANCED THEIR WAY DOWN THE HILL. THEY HAD POUNDED ON THE GREEN GRASS AND REDUCED IT TO FINE DUST!
IT WAS AN EXHILARATED LITTLE TOOMAI WHO ENTERED THE CAMP ON KALA NAG'S BACK, FOLLOWED BY PUDMINI —

TO A WONDERING CAMP, LITTLE TOOMAI EXCLAIMED...
I SAW IT! THE DANCE! I SAW THE ELEPHANTS DANCE!
...AND PROMPTLY FELL INTO A FAINT!
CATCH HIM!
TWO HOURS LATER, LITTLE TOOMAI SOAKED UP THE ATTENTION, AS HE RELATED TO THEM THE STORY OF THE ELEPHANT DANCE —
I'VE SEEN THEM. THERE WILL BE TRACKS ALL OVER THE FOREST. HAVE A LOOK AT THEM IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE ME.
EXHAUSTED BY HIS ADVENTURE, LITTLE TOOMAI SLEPT THE AFTERNOON AWAY. AND WHILE HE SLEPT, PETERSON SAHIB AND MACHUA APPA FOLLOWED THE TRACKS OF THE ELEPHANTS FOR FIFTEEN MILES —
THE BOY SPEAKS THE TRUTH! HE DID SEE THE ELEPHANTS DANCE! THERE ARE FRESH TRACKS OF NEARLY 70 ELEPHANTS ALL OVER THE FOREST!

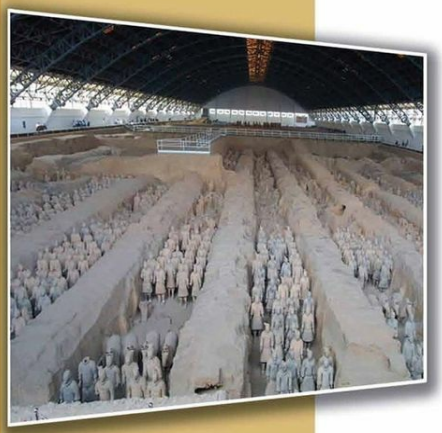
THAT NIGHT THERE WAS A FEAST TO CELEBRATE THE EVENT AND BASKING IN ALL THE ATTENTION WAS LITTLE TOOMAI —
LISTEN, MY LORDS OF THE JUNGLE, AND LISTEN WELL. HERE IS ONE WHO HAS SEEN THE ELEPHANTS DANCE!
THE FAVOUR OF THE ELEPHANT-FOLK IS WITH HIM.
REMEMBER HIM! FOR HE WILL BECOME A GREAT TRACKER. GREATER THAN MACHUA APPA!
NEITHER YOU NOR ANY OF YOUR FOLK WILL CAUSE HIM ANY HARM, NOW OR IN THE FUTURE...
HE'LL KNOW ALL YOUR TRAILS AND HIDING PLACES, NEW AND OLD.
...FOR HE IS THE TOOMAI OF THE ELEPHANTS, THE LORD OF THE ELEPHANTS! SALUTE HIM!
AND ALL THE ELEPHANTS THREW UP THEIR TRUNKS AND GAVE THE FULL SALUTE, THE SALAAM OF THE KHEDAH...
...FOR LITTLE TOOMAI, THE BOY WHO HAD SEEN WHAT NO ONE HAD SEEN BEFORE, THE DANCE OF THE ELEPHANTS AT NIGHT ON THE GARO HILLS!

CRAZY STRUCTURES AND FORGOTTEN RUINS



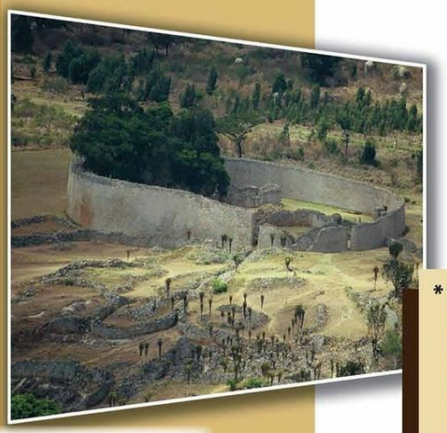
THE NAZCA LINES

Secret messages from Ancient Incans*, or just an artist's giant sketches? In the dry, windless lands of Peru, lie the Nazca Lines dating back to between 50 and 650 BC. Stretching over 80km, hundreds of drawings – some simple geometric shapes, some elaborate patterns of animals such as birds, fish, sharks, spiders, jaguars and monkeys – appear on the desert ground. Experts believe that they could have been part of rituals to summon rain, or large astronomical calendars. The experts can't help, so you decide!



THE TERRACOTTA ARMY

Discovered by farmers while digging a well in 1974, the terracotta army consists of 8,000 life-size, clay soldiers, 130 chariots with 520 horses and 150 cavalry horses, officials, acrobats, strongmen and musicians in three huge underground pits. Located in the eastern suburbs of Xi'an, in the Shaanxi province of China, these soldiers are said to guard the Mausoleum of the First Qin Emperor, Shi Huangdi.

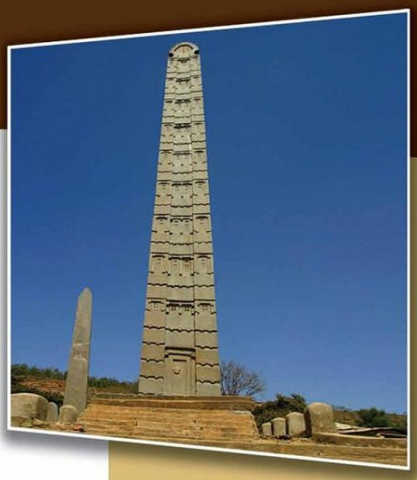


THE GREAT ZIMBABWE

The Great Zimbabwe ruins were once the capital of the Kingdom of Zimbabwe, between 1000 and 1450 AD. The ruins span over 1,784 acres, and are believed to have housed up to 18,000 people at their peak. Its most prominent features are the walls, some of which are as high as five metres and entirely constructed without cement or mortar. By the time European settlers discovered the ruins, in the 16th century, no one knew why they had been abandoned. The modern-day state of Zimbabwe is named after this site.

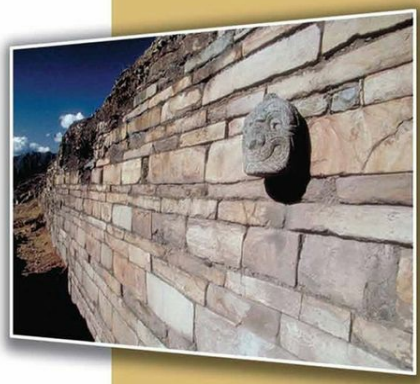
* Refers to the largest empire of the ancient Andean Civilisation of South America. The capital of the empire was located in Cusco, in modern-day Peru. The empire was established in the 13th century AD, and lasted till the Spanish conquest of 1533.

Text: Neel Debdutt Paul
Layout: Snehangshu Mazumder



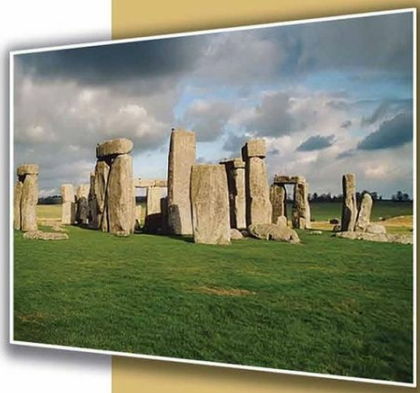
OBELISK OF AXUM

Obelisks or stelae are large four-sided, tapering pillars. The city of Axum, the old capital of the northern Ethiopian kingdom of Axum, is dotted with hundreds of obelisks. In their midst stands the tallest of them all, simply called the Obelisk of Axum, 1,700 years old, 78 feet tall and weighing 160 tonnes. On them, whole houses are carved, complete with doors and windows. It is hard to pinpoint what the purpose of these obelisks was, but a theory is that the Obelsik of Axum actually marks the burial place of the Queen of Sheba!



CHAVIN DE HUANTAR RUINS

Another structure that has baffled archaeologists and historians is the Chavin de Huantar, in Peru. It contains the remains of artefacts that were built by the Chavin, a pre-Inca culture, around 900 BC. It is unknown what the site signified to this culture, but most experts accept it as a place for people to gather, trade or worship. It is believed that between 500 and 300 BC, both the Chavin de Huantar and the Chavin culture as a whole, started to decline.

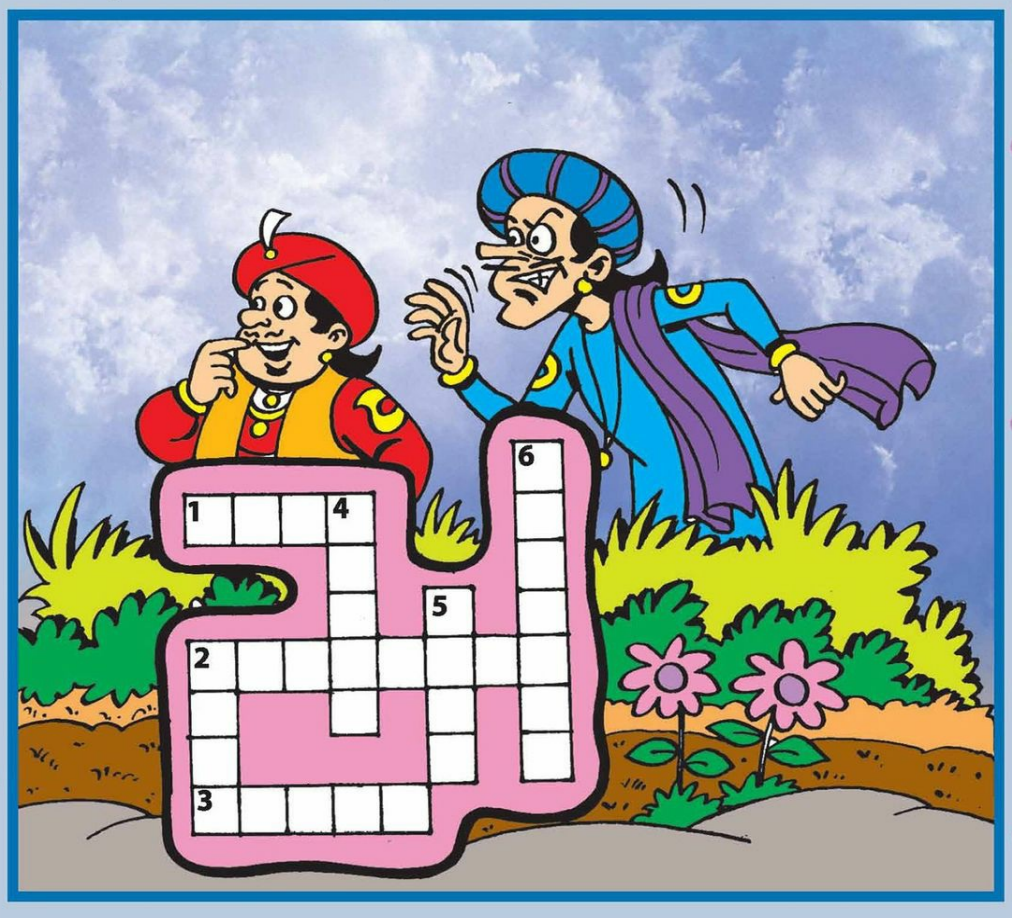


STONEHENGE

Located in the British county of Wiltshire, the Stonehenge consists of two rings made of flat, tall stones, collected together in a circle. The inner ring is constructed of 80 pieces of bluestone, weighing 4 tonnes each. The outer ring is made of the much larger sarsen stone, weighing about 50 tonnes each. The purpose of the Stonehenge is as shrouded in mystery as any of the other ancient monument mentioned here. It could have been a religious site, a burial ground, or an ancient astronomical calendar. The Stonehenge has stoked the imaginations of thousands of people – tourists, scientists, writers and scholars alike

PLAN B

Tantri's Plan A to kill Hooja has failed miserably (as usual). So, in his search for plan 'B', he has come up with a set of killer weapons, the names of which begin with the letter B. He has hidden them in this crossword grid. Can you follow the clues and solve the crossword to foil his plans and save Hooja?



ACROSS

1. The backward-pointing part of an arrow or a fish hook
2. A heavy stick
3. A huge fire

DOWN

2. An explosive
4. The edge of a knife
5. A long piece of wood or metal, often used in construction
6. A long blade fixed to a rifle

Answer on Pg. 96

THE TIGER'S BRIDE

(Based on a Khasi Folktale)

Script: Sharmistha Sinha
Art: Manoj Katoor
Lettering: Prasad Sawant

ER... NOT ME...
UM... NOT REALLY...
OF COURSE NOT!
AND SO THE TIGER BECAME THE KING OF THE JUNGLE.
LONG LIVE THE KING!
THE NEW KING WAS PROUD, STRONG, BEAUTIFUL...
OH, HE LOOKS SO ROYAL!
...AND FOOLISH...
OH DEAR KING, ALL IS LOST. OUR POND IS DRYING UP. WHATEVER SHALL WE DO?
STOP COMPLAINING, MAMA FROG. SO WHAT IF YOUR POND IS DRYING? YOU CAN ALWAYS LIVE ON LAND.
HE KNEW NOTHING ABOUT THE OTHER ANIMALS...
BUT... BUT... I NEED TO RAISE MY LITTLE TADPOLES IN WATER...
THE DEER DON'T RAISE THEIR CHILDREN IN WATER, NEITHER DO THE BIRDS. WHY SHOULD YOU?

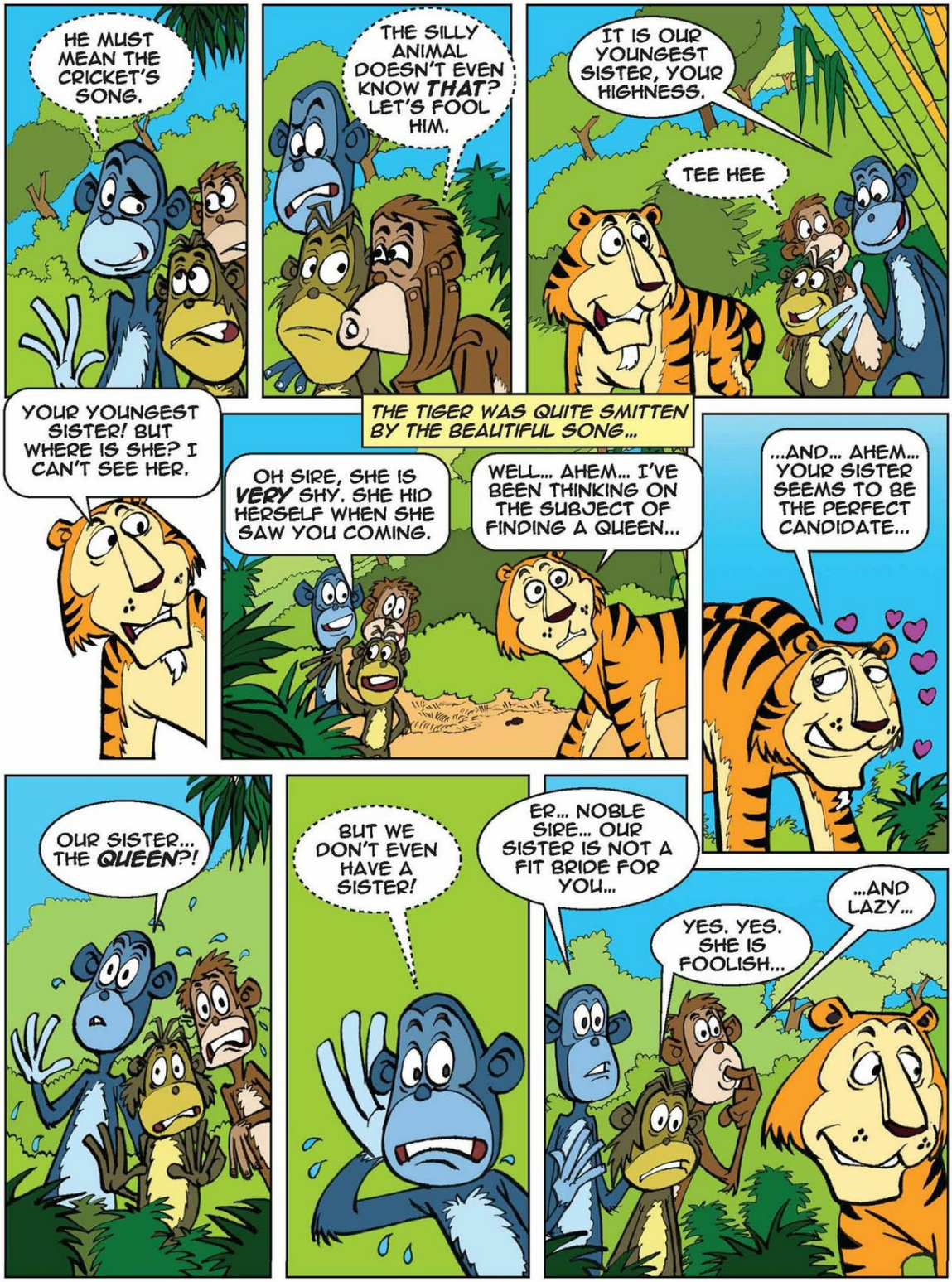
I MYSELF WAS RAISED ON LAND. LOOK HOW HANDSOME IT MADE ME!
KAK KAK KAK KAK KAK
STUPID ANIMAL!

BEFORE LONG, ALL THE ANIMALS WERE MAKING FUN OF THE FOOLISH NEW KING...
TEE HEE
HO HO HO
HYUK! HYUK!

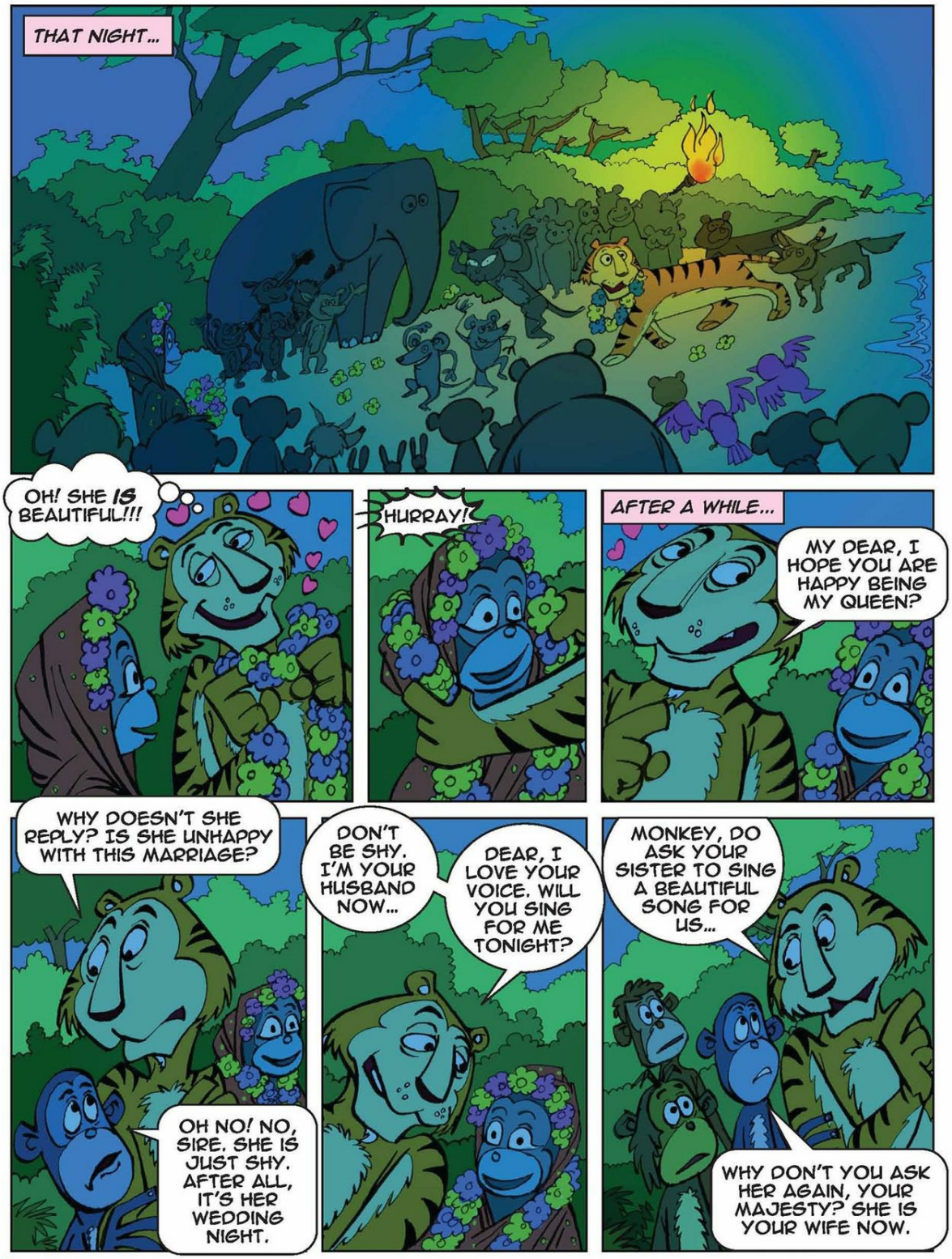
ONE DAY, WHILE WALKING IN THE JUNGLE...
OH! WHAT A MELODIOUS SONG! WHERE IS IT COMING FROM?

HEY! YOU MONKEYS, WHO IS SINGING THIS BEAUTIFUL SONG?

???


HE MUST MEAN THE CRICKET'S SONG.
THE SILLY ANIMAL DOESN'T EVEN KNOW THAT? LET'S FOOL HIM.
IT IS OUR YOUNGEST SISTER, YOUR HIGHNESS.
TEE HEE
YOUR YOUNGEST SISTER! BUT WHERE IS SHE? I CAN'T SEE HER.
THE TIGER WAS QUITE SMITTEN BY THE BEAUTIFUL SONG...
OH SIRE, SHE IS VERY SHY. SHE HID HERSELF WHEN SHE SAW YOU COMING.
WELL... AHEM... I'VE BEEN THINKING ON THE SUBJECT OF FINDING A QUEEN...
...AND... AHEM... YOUR SISTER SEEMS TO BE THE PERFECT CANDIDATE...
OUR SISTER... THE QUEEN?!
BUT WE DON'T EVEN HAVE A SISTER!
ER... NOBLE SIRE... OUR SISTER IS NOT A FIT BRIDE FOR YOU...
YES, YES. SHE IS FOOLISH...
...AND LAZY...

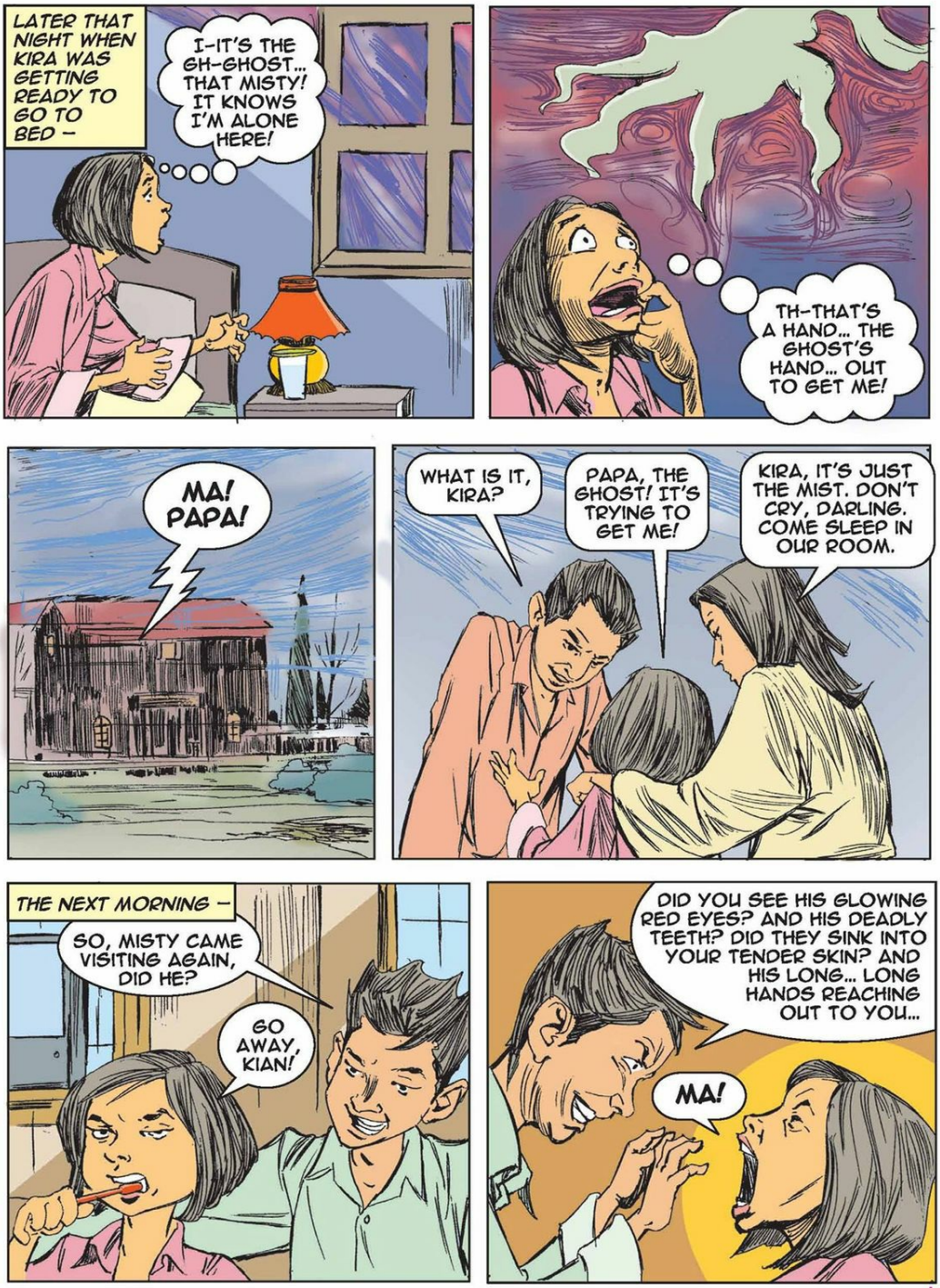
ENOUGH! I WILL HEAR NO MORE ABOUT MY FUTURE BRIDE. RRRRRRR!
MAKE PREPARATIONS FOR THE WEDDING.
!!!
THE MONKEYS WERE IN A FIX, SO THEY WENT TO THE FOX...
OH CLEVER ONE, WHAT SHALL WE DO NOW?
HMMM... I HAVE A PLAN. LET'S GO DOWN TO THE RIVER...
AHHA! THE CLAY FROM THE RIVERBANK. IT IS JUST PERFECT.
ARE WE DOING IT RIGHT?
YES. NOW WHERE SHALL WE GET THE WEDDING CLOTHES?
GOT IT!
SOON...
SHE'S GORGEOUS!
IT'S TIME TO INVITE THE KING FOR THE WEDDING.

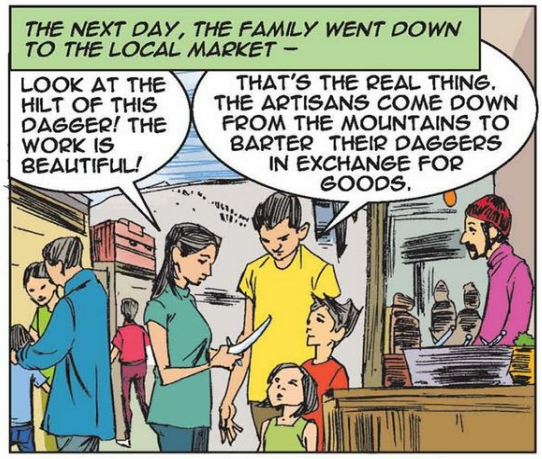

THAT NIGHT...
OH! SHE IS BEAUTIFUL!!!
HURRAY!
AFTER A WHILE...
MY DEAR, I HOPE YOU ARE HAPPY BEING MY QUEEN?
WHY DOESN'T SHE REPLY? IS SHE UNHAPPY WITH THIS MARRIAGE?
OH NO! NO, SIRE. SHE IS JUST SHY. AFTER ALL, IT'S HER WEDDING NIGHT.
DON'T BE SHY. I'M YOUR HUSBAND NOW...
DEAR, I LOVE YOUR VOICE. WILL YOU SING FOR ME TONIGHT?
MONKEY, DO ASK YOUR SISTER TO SING A BEAUTIFUL SONG FOR US...
WHY DON'T YOU ASK HER AGAIN, YOUR MAJESTY? SHE IS YOUR WIFE NOW.

FOR FEEDBACK, OPINIONS OR PLAIN ABUSE, WRITE TO US AT tinklemail@ack-media.com OR AT THE ADDRESS ON THE TINKLE MAIL BOX PAGE

MISTY... THE GHOST

Writer: Rajani Thindiath
Illustrator: Durgesh Velhal
Colourist: Umesh Sarode
Letterer: Prasad Sawant

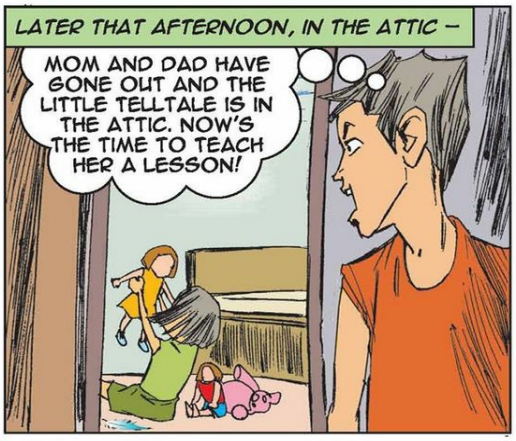

LATER THAT NIGHT WHEN KIRA WAS GETTING READY TO GO TO BED –
I-IT'S THE GH-GHOST... THAT MISTY! IT KNOWS I'M ALONE HERE!
TH-THAT'S A HAND... THE GHOST'S HAND... OUT TO GET ME!
MA! PAPA!
WHAT IS IT, KIRA?
PAPA, THE GHOST! IT'S TRYING TO GET ME!
KIRA, IT'S JUST THE MIST. DON'T CRY, DARLING. COME SLEEP IN OUR ROOM.
THE NEXT MORNING –
SO, MISTY CAME VISITING AGAIN, DID HE?
GO AWAY, KIAN!
DID YOU SEE HIS GLOWING RED EYES? AND HIS DEADLY TEETH? DID THEY SINK INTO YOUR TENDER SKIN? AND HIS LONG... LONG HANDS REACHING OUT TO YOU...
MA!


THE NEXT DAY, THE FAMILY WENT DOWN TO THE LOCAL MARKET –
LOOK AT THE HILT OF THIS DAGGER! THE WORK IS BEAUTIFUL!
THAT'S THE REAL THING. THE ARTISANS COME DOWN FROM THE MOUNTAINS TO BARTER THEIR DAGGERS IN EXCHANGE FOR GOODS.

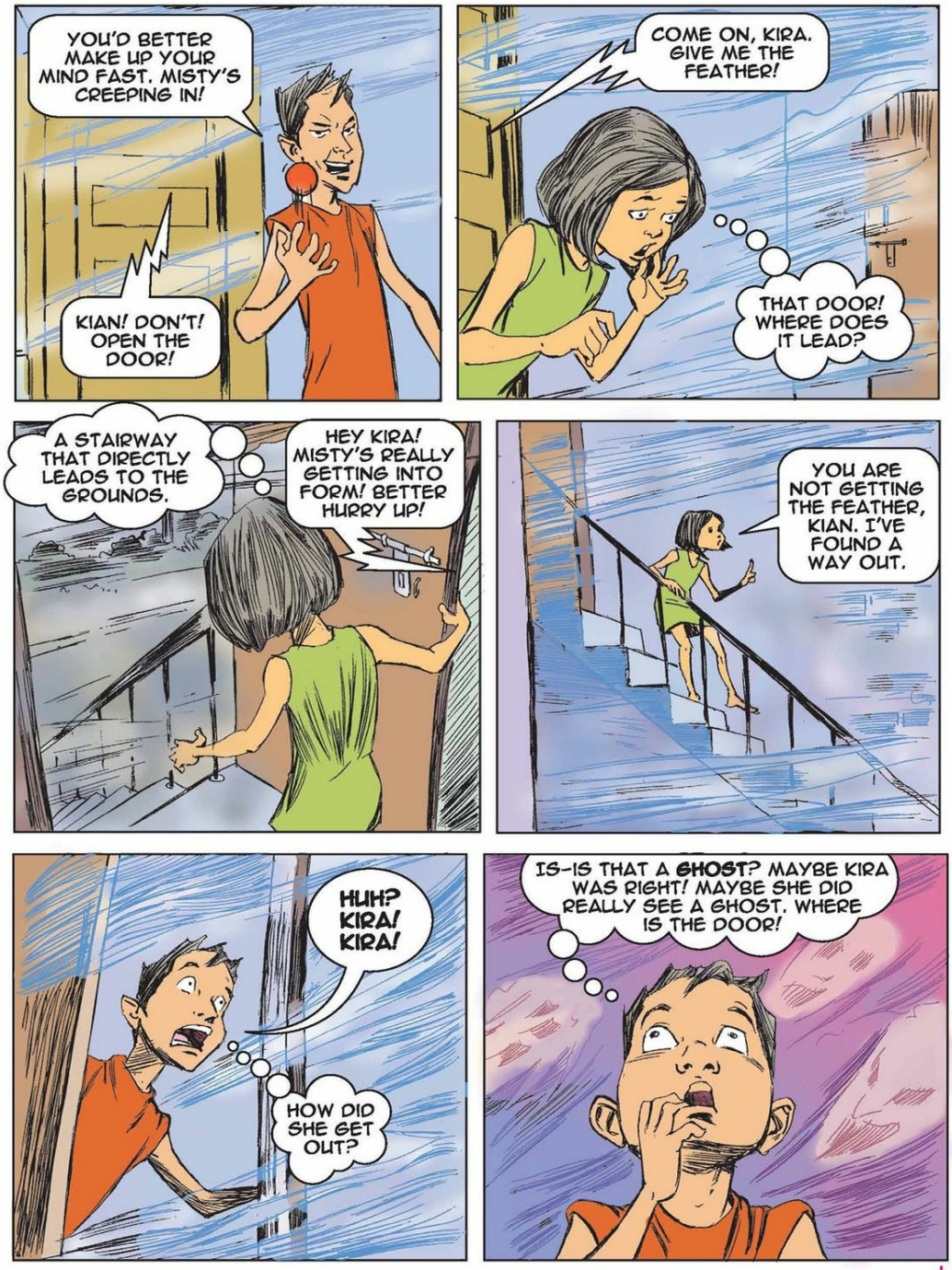
WOW! THIS IS SO PRETTY!
COOL MAN! I CAN ADD IT TO MY COLLECTION!

NO! I SAW IT FIRST! IT'S MINE!
WHAT'RE YOU GOING TO DO WITH A FEATHER!? STICK TO YOUR DOLLS!

PAPA!
KIAN! LET HER BE!
I'LL GET YOU, YOU TATTLER!


LATER THAT AFTERNOON, IN THE ATTIC –
MOM AND DAD HAVE GONE OUT AND THE LITTLE TELLTALE IS IN THE ATTIC. NOW'S THE TIME TO TEACH HER A LESSON!

BANG!
KIRA! IF YOU DON'T GIVE ME THE FEATHER I'LL LEAVE YOU LOCKED UP IN THERE!
KIAN! LET ME OUT!


YOU'D BETTER MAKE UP YOUR MIND FAST. MISTY'S CREEPING IN!
KIAN! DON'T! OPEN THE DOOR!
COME ON, KIRA. GIVE ME THE FEATHER!
THAT DOOR! WHERE DOES IT LEAD?
A STAIRWAY THAT DIRECTLY LEADS TO THE GROUNDS.
HEY KIRA! MISTY'S REALLY GETTING INTO FORM! BETTER HURRY UP!
YOU ARE NOT GETTING THE FEATHER, KIAN. I'VE FOUND A WAY OUT.
HUH? KIRA! KIRA!
HOW DID SHE GET OUT?
IS-IS THAT A GHOST? MAYBE KIRA WAS RIGHT! MAYBE SHE DID REALLY SEE A GHOST. WHERE IS THE DOOR!

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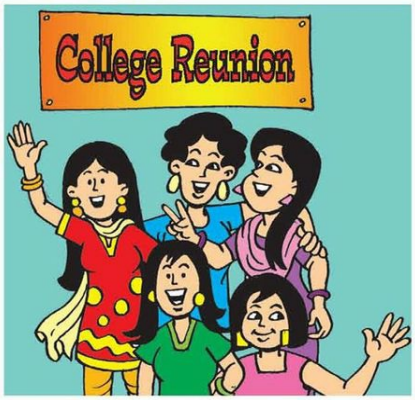
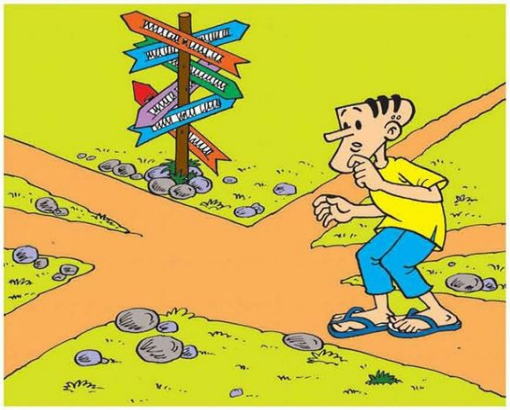
LOGICOMIX

1



Five girls — Cerise, Scarlet, Ruby, Jade and Carmine met after a long time at their college reunion. After a short conversation, all but one of the girls decided to form an exclusive group. Can you tell which girl could not join the group?

2 Suppandi is out again in search of a new job. While travelling, he comes to a six-road crossing. There's a signpost pointing to the hamlets in each direction, but a recent storm has turned the signpost, such that all the arrows now point the wrong way. How does Suppandi find his required direction, considering that there is no one around who can guide him?



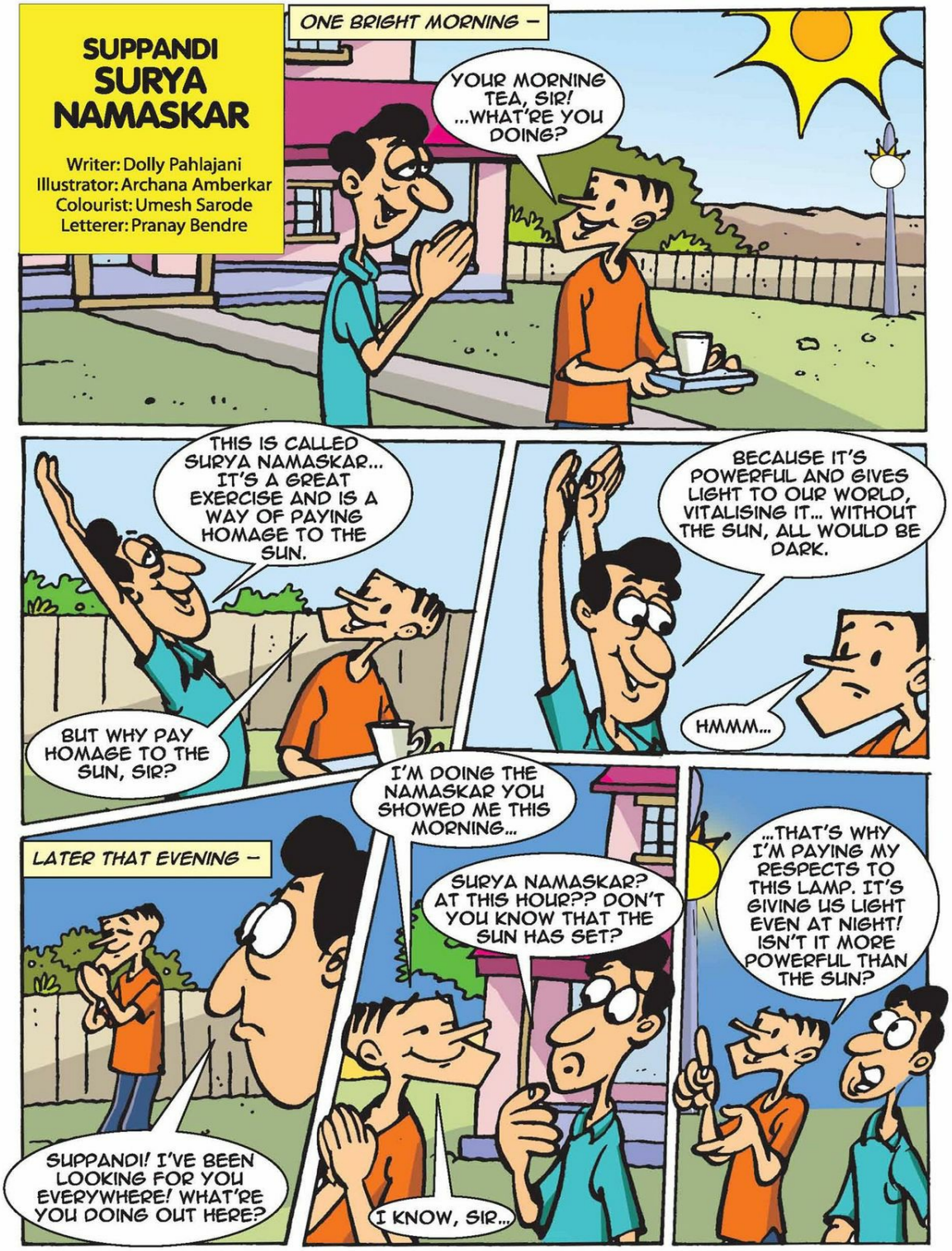
3 Shikari Shambu has encountered a tribe deep in the jungles of Africa. The people of this tribe do not talk; instead, they communicate by writing on leaves.

Unfortunately, Shambu does not understand their language. Seeing this, the head of the tribe signals to a word 'URGCT' written on a leaf and then nods toward a spear indicating that URGCT stands for SPEAR. Then, the tribesmen come out carrying a huge banner which reads 'YG YGNEQOG VJG ITGCV UJKMCTK UJCODW'. Can you help Shambu decipher the banner?

Answers on Pg. 96

SUPPANDI SURYA NAMASKAR

Writer: Dolly Pahlajani
Illustrator: Archana Amberkar
Colourist: Umesh Sarode
Letterer: Pranay Bendre



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The Red Balloon

Year: 1956
Director: Albert Lamorisse

On the cold, grey streets of Paris, you chance upon a curious sight. A young boy, Pascal, is followed by his obedient friend. Can you guess who his friend is? A shining, bright red balloon! From the day Pascal finds it tied to a pole, he takes it along everywhere he goes. Soon, he discovers that the balloon has a mind of its own. It follows him to school and back and sometimes even enjoys playing games with him.

While Pascal finds respite in the balloon's friendship, there is a strange feeling of hostility and jealousy towards the happy pair, among adults and children alike. A school teacher locks Pascal in a room for creating trouble by bringing the balloon along, and a pastor is offended when he sees the little boy and his balloon in church. Even Pascal's grandmother is irritated by the balloon and tries to leave it outside the window. The cherry red, good-natured balloon which seems to be friendly only with Pascal, is targeted by other children.

Many film lovers have attempted to interpret this film. Yet, every viewer can come up with a new meaning. Some think the film is metaphorical, that is, while it tells you the story of a young boy and his balloon, it is actually talking about something else – for example, the dark side of human nature that leads to wars among nations. For others, it is simply a touching tale of friendship and love.

This almost-silent film conveys more than any 'talkie' might. Albert Lamorisse, the writer and director of this classic, cast his own son, Pascal, in the main role. His daughter makes a brief appearance too. This film serves as one of the rare records of the Belleville area of Paris, where the film was shot. Belleville had fallen into decay by the 1960s and later demolished in a slum clearance drive.

The Red Balloon is just 34 minutes long and is the only short film to have won an Oscar for Best Original Screenplay. Besides two Oscars, it won the 'Special Award' from the British Academy of Film and Television Arts (BAFTA) and the 'Best Short Film Award' at the Cannes Film Festival. Do you need any more recommendations to watch this delightful film?

–Ashwini Falnikar
Layout: Jitendra Patil

Rating key:
5 hats: Unmissable
4 hats: Must watch
3 hats: Recommended
2 hats: Avoidable
1 hat: Terrible!

YOU BE THE DETECTIVE

The Queen's Teardrop

By Savio Mascarenhas

Detectives Sweety and Sam had been called by Mr. Mithun, the curator at the local museum. The Queen's Teardrop, a 500-year-old diamond on display in the central hall, had been stolen.

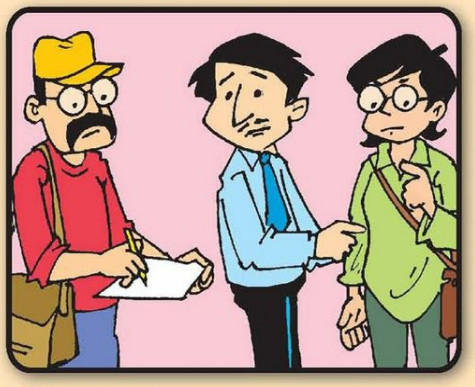
When the detectives reached the museum, Mr. Mithun met them in the central hall. He said, "The crime was committed a couple of days ago. But the police have made no headway. I don't want to lose my job."

"What happened? Tell us whatever detail you can remember," said Detective Sam taking out his notepad.

"It was late afternoon... when the power suddenly went off. We heard a loud crash and then within 20 seconds, the power came back. That's when I noticed the broken glass case of the Queen's Teardrop. The diamond was missing!"

"Hmmm... late afternoon...," mused Sweety, "There would have been fewer visitors at that time. Do you remember who were present in the room?"

"Yes, because there were just four visitors here. They were all searched but nothing was found on them. After a brief inquiry, we had no choice but to get them to write down their contact details and let them go."

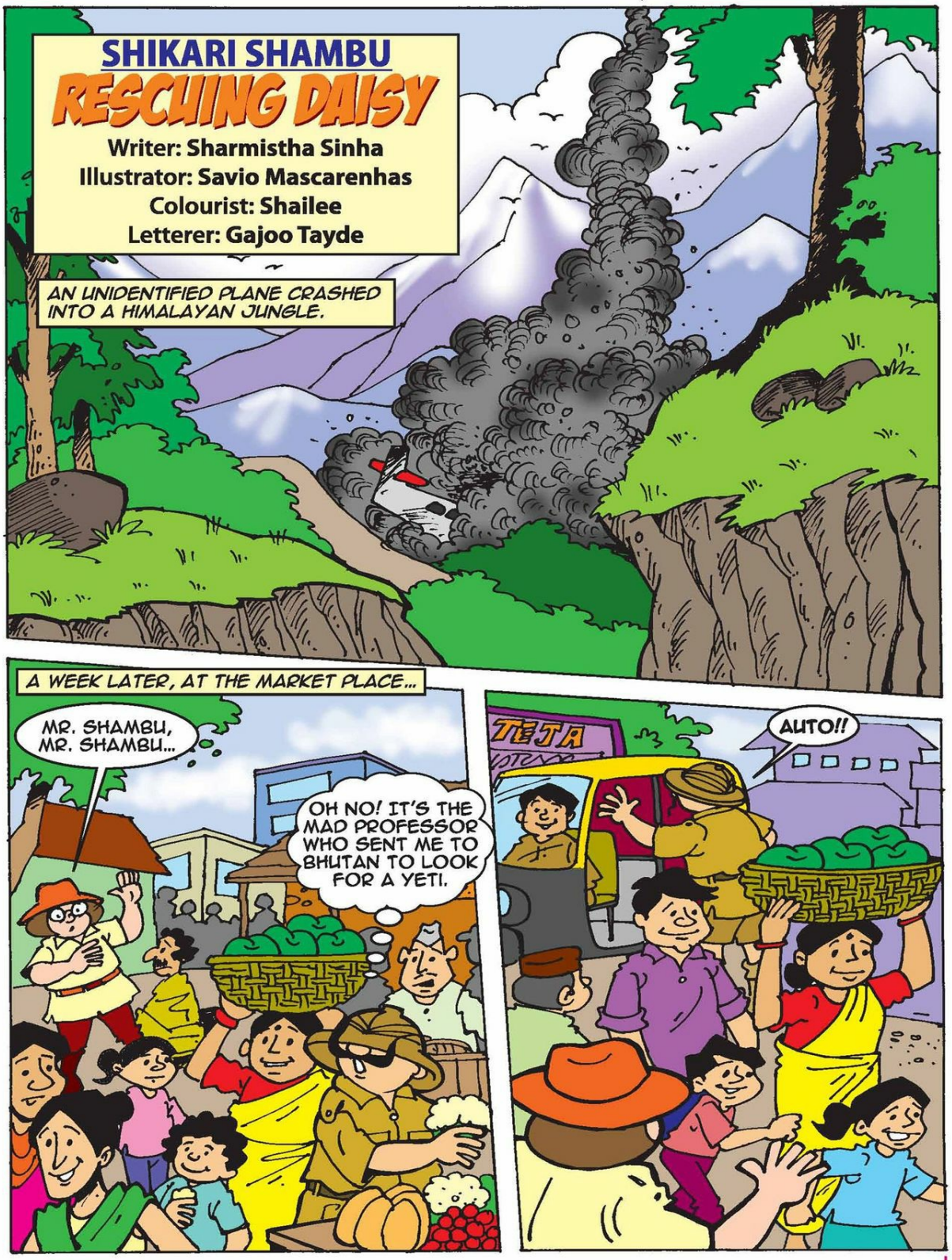


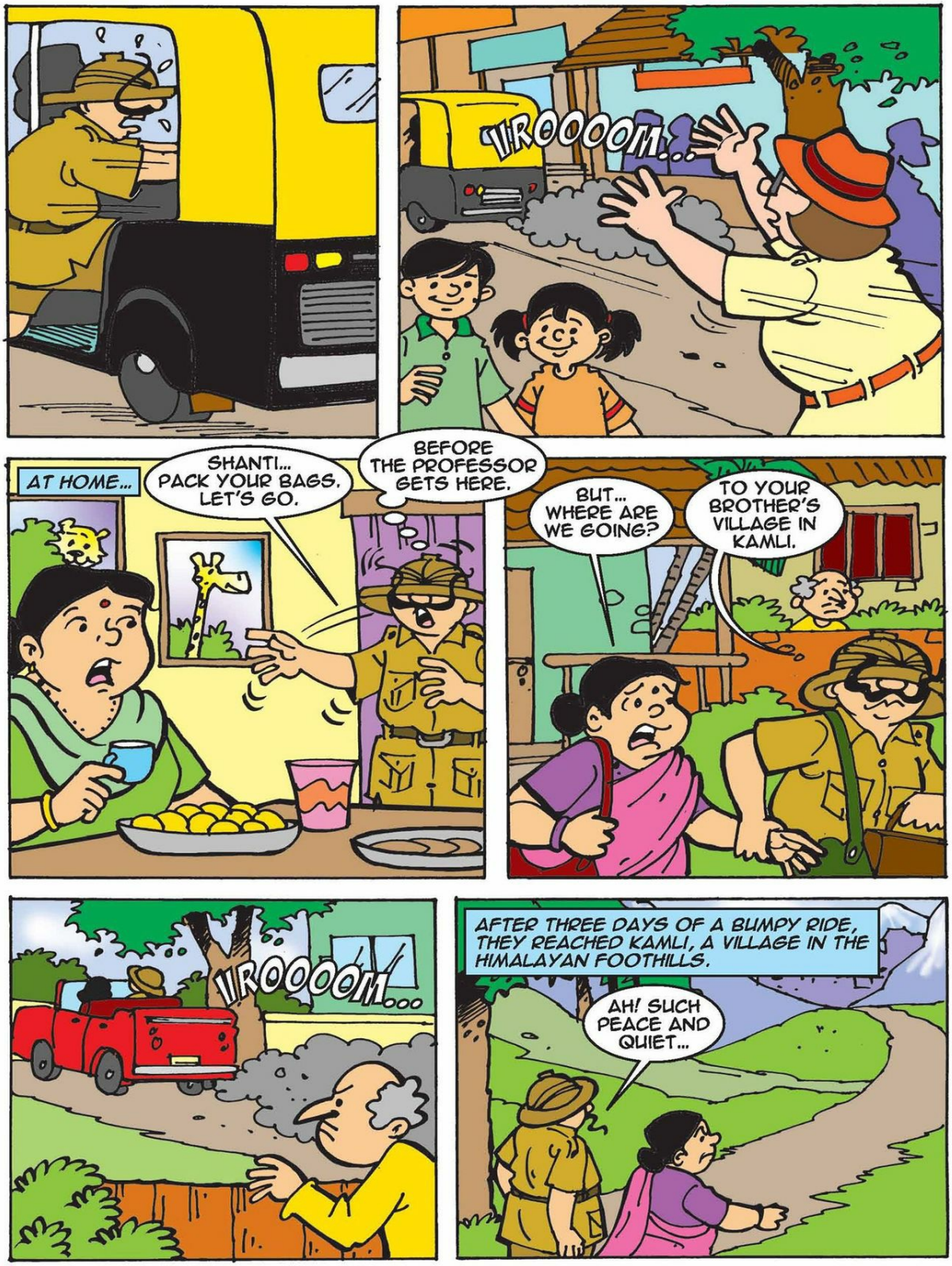
Detective Sweety had a look at the CCTV footage. She noted that everything happened as Mr. Mithun had related.

Just as she was done with the tapes, the man cleaning the fish tank finished his job and approached the curator who gave him a job completion form to fill. Something caught Sweety's eye and she announced, "The Queen's Teardrop has not left this room."

What did Detective Sweety see? Where is the Queen's Teardrop and how did she know?

Answer on page 96


SHIKARI SHAMBU
RESCUING DAISY
Writer: Sharmistha Sinha
Illustrator: Savio Mascarenhas
Colourist: Shailee
Letterer: Gajoo Tayde
AN UNIDENTIFIED PLANE CRASHED INTO A HIMALAYAN JUNGLE.
A WEEK LATER, AT THE MARKET PLACE...
MR. SHAMBU, MR. SHAMBU...
OH NO! IT'S THE MAD PROFESSOR WHO SENT ME TO BHUTAN TO LOOK FOR A YETI.
TEJA
AUTO!!

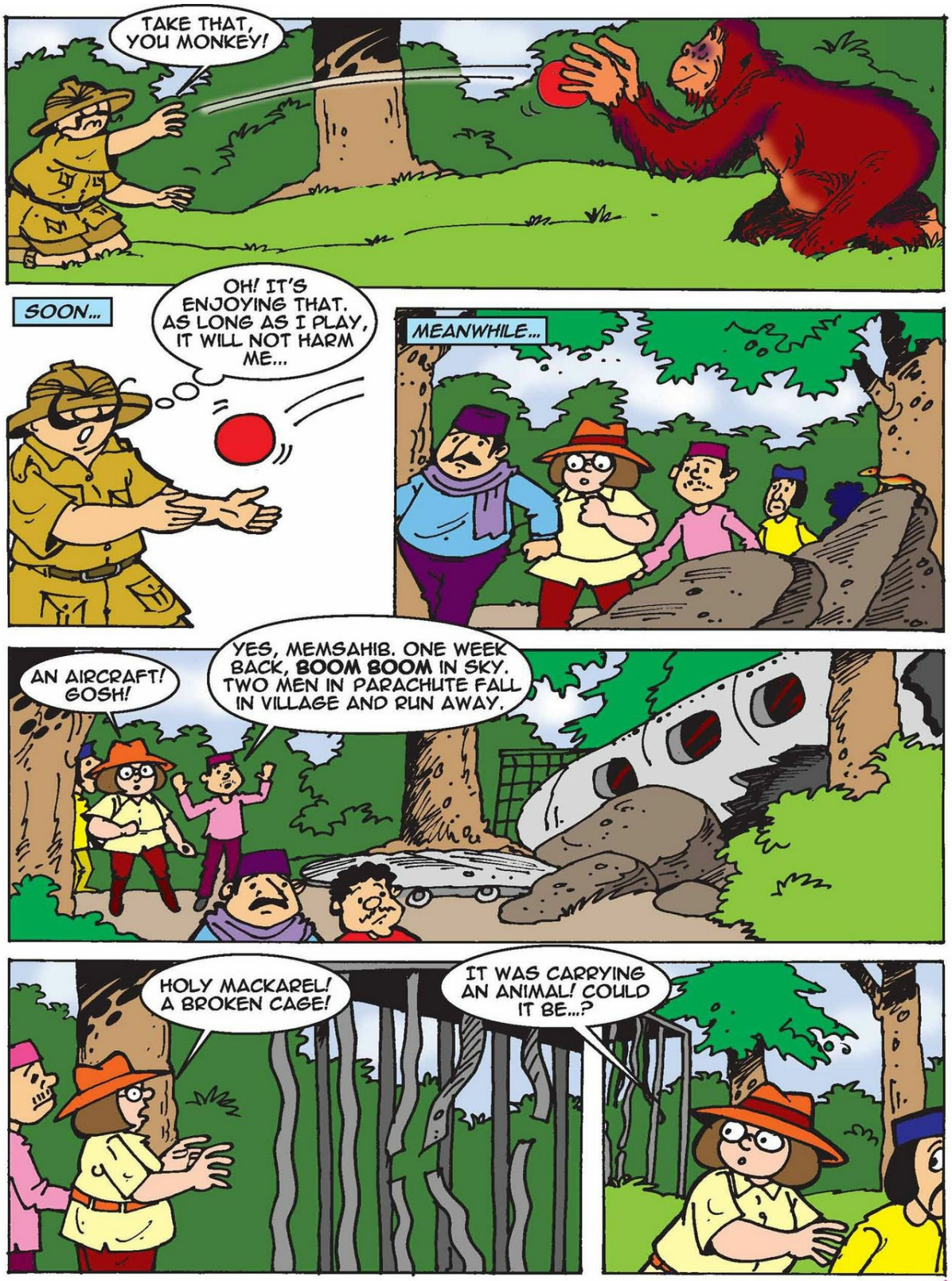

VROOOOM...
AT HOME...
SHANTI... PACK YOUR BAGS. LET'S GO.
BEFORE THE PROFESSOR GETS HERE.
BUT... WHERE ARE WE GOING?
TO YOUR BROTHER'S VILLAGE IN KAMLI.
VROOOOM...
AFTER THREE DAYS OF A BUMPY RIDE, THEY REACHED KAMLI, A VILLAGE IN THE HIMALAYAN FOOTHILLS.
AH! SUCH PEACE AND QUIET...

SUDDENLY...
AAAAAAAA AAAHHHH!!
WAAH WAAH... MY BALL... IT'S TAKEN MY BALL.
RUNNNNN... MONSTER...
HELP!
HUMPH!
BUMP!
OH MR. SHAMBU! I CAME TO MEET YOU. YOUR NEIGHBOUR TOLD ME YOU'D COME HERE. I NEED YOUR HELP...
OH NO!
SHAMBU! BROTHER-IN-LAW!!! YOU'VE COME! JUST IN TIME!
HUH?

STOP! STOP! THIS IS MY BROTHER-IN-LAW – THE GREAT SHIKARI SHAMBU. HE HAS COME TO SAVE US FROM THE MONSTER.
NOOOOOOOOO!!!
WAIT! DON'T GO THAT SIDE... THE MONSTER...
I'D BETTER LEAVE FAST!
HE HAS GONE INTO THE FOREST TO CATCH THE BEAST! COME ON, LET'S FOLLOW HIM.
OH, THE BRAVE MAN!
INSIDE THE FOREST...
KUKKU
KUKKU
HOOOWL
(PANT! PANT!) SAFE AT LAST...
SUDDENLY...
THAACK!!
OOOH! BANANAS!

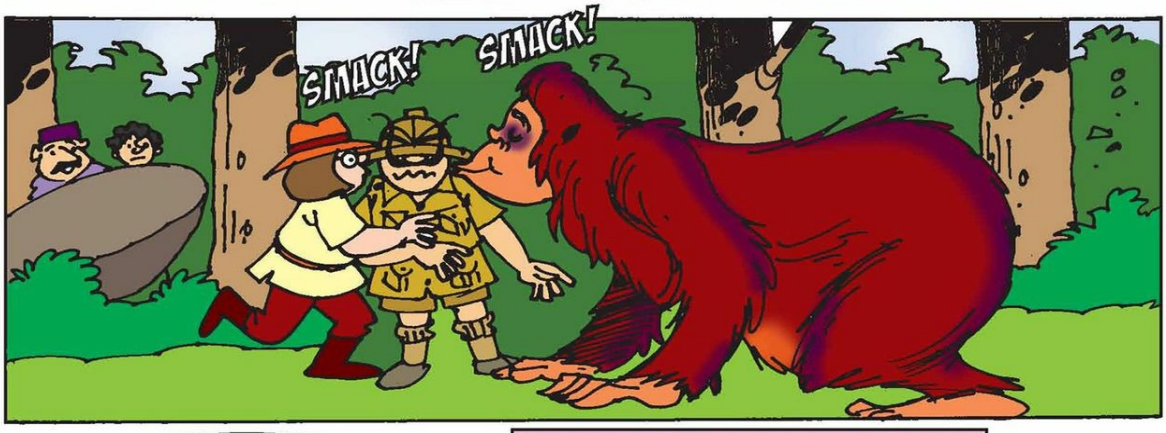
AAAEEE AAAEEE AAAAAAAEEEEIIII...
AAAEEE AAAEEE AAAAAAAEEEEIIII...
IT'S GOT HIM! THAT WAY, QUICK!
HELP!
HEY! NOT BAD!... I'M FLYING!

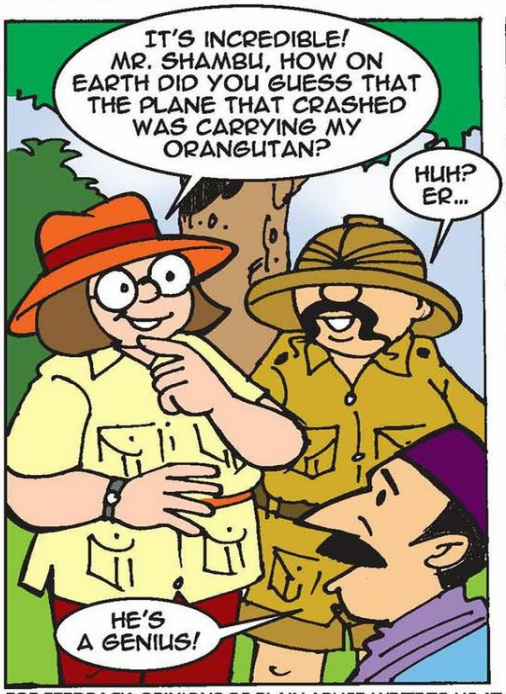
THAAP!
OUCH!
EEEEEEEEEKKKKKS!!
EEEEEEEEEKKKKKS!!
WHERE IS IT GOING?
RUN, SHAMBU! NOW!
THAACK!
CLAP!
CLAP!
CLAP!


TAKE THAT, YOU MONKEY!
SOON...
OH! IT'S ENJOYING THAT. AS LONG AS I PLAY, IT WILL NOT HARM ME...
MEANWHILE...
AN AIRCRAFT! GOSH!
YES, MEMSAHIB. ONE WEEK BACK, BOOM BOOM IN SKY. TWO MEN IN PARACHUTE FALL IN VILLAGE AND RUN AWAY.
HOLY MACKAREL! A BROKEN CAGE!
IT WAS CARRYING AN ANIMAL! COULD IT BE...?

MEMSAHIB, WE BETTER GO. OTHERS WALK FAR.
RAMU, WHAT DOES THIS MONSTER LOOK LIKE?
OH MEMSAHIB, IT'S TALL LIKE A COCONUT PALM... LONG SHARP NAILS... CROOKED TOES...
BLOODSHOT EYES... FLAMES AROUND ITS BODY...
FLAMES?!!
LIAR! HAVE YOU EVER SEEN IT?
HAVE YOU?
STOP FIGHTING... HAS ANYONE HERE SEEN THE CREATURE?
NO, MEMSAHIB. BUT, MY WIFE'S BROTHER'S FRIEND...
THAT'S ENOUGH!
SOON, THEY REACHED THE TOP OF THE HILLOCK...
!!!
!!!

HE'S TAMED THE MONSTER! HE'S A LIONHEART!
MY BROTHER-IN-LAW, AFTER ALL!
!!!
THEN THE MOST EXTRAORDINARY THING HAPPENED...
EEEEEEAAAAAAAA...
MMMUUUAAAAAAHH!
OH MY DAISY... MY BABY... MY MUNCHKIN...
DAISY!?
BAD MEN KIDNAPPED YOU, DID THEY? TOOK YOU OFF ON A PLANE?
BUT THE PLANE CRASHED AND YOU ESCAPED, DIDN'T YOU? MY SMART KITTY...



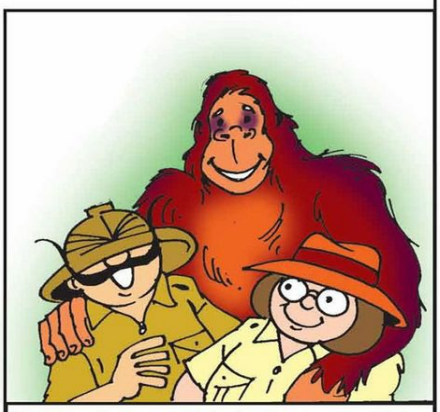


THE NEXT DAY, IN THE NEWSPAPERS...

Rare giant orangutan rescued by genius jungle-man, Shikari Shambu

Sayoni Basu

GUDGAON: Six months ago, the scientific world was in an uproar when famous ape expert Janice Goodone discovered an unusually large 8 foot orangutan in the Borneo forest. Janice called him 'Daisy'. However, Daisy fell prey to poachers and...



Shikari Shambu with Janice Goodone and Daisy
Photo Courtesy JTI

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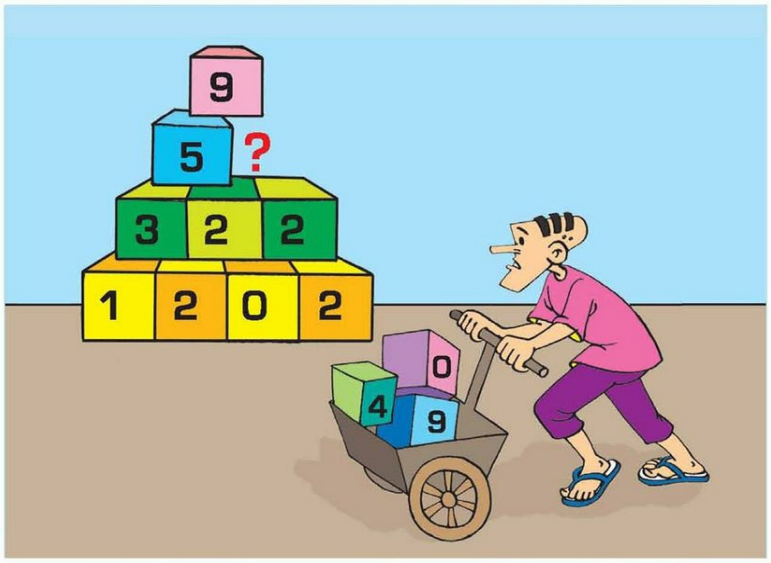
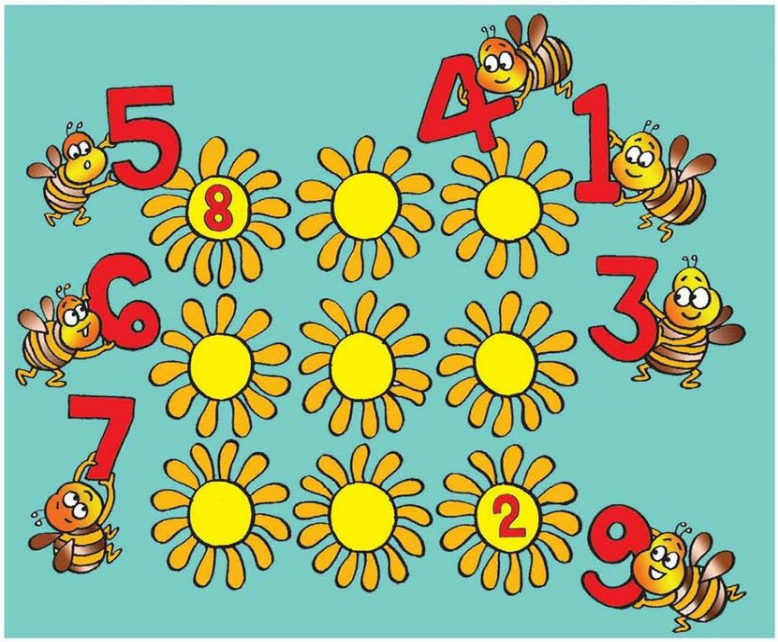
Maths Muddlers

Build the Pyramid

Suppandi is building a number pyramid and needs one last block to complete it. But there are three in his cart. Can you help him choose the right one?





Bee Maths

Help the bees arrange the numbers 1 to 9 on the flowers in the garden grid so that each row, column and diagonal adds up to 15. To make your task easier, they've already placed two numbers.

Answers on Pg. 96

Fire Stories

Text: Ashwini Falnikar
Illustrations and Layout: Prabha Mallya

It is Diwali and the evenings are looking cheerful. Those tiny oil lamps lined up on the verandas make all the difference. When you light one lamp, it shares its flame with the rest. How wonderfully the flames merge and separate! But do you ever wonder how beautiful and precious fire came about? There are many fascinating stories about the origin of fire. Here are a few:

Bushmen, the natives of southern Africa, believe that in the beginning, all life forms lived together below the earth with Kaang, the creator. Animals and humans understood each other and no one ever wanted for anything. There was always light even though there was no sun. One day, Lord Kaang planned for life on earth and allowed all living beings to ascend. But he warned them that if they built fire, an evil would befall them. When evening approached, everyone watched astounded as the sun began to set. Soon, the world became dark and cold. Fear entered the hearts of the people for they couldn't see in the dark like animals could. They forgot Kaang's warning and made fire. They paid for their folly. The fire scared away the animals and humans lost the ability to communicate with them.

A tale from Greek mythology talks about the time when Zeus, the father of the gods, assigned Prometheus and his brother, Epimetheus, the task of creating creatures to reside on earth. Prometheus started carving his masterpiece – human beings. Meanwhile, Epimetheus created many creatures and granted them gifts given by Zeus; these included furs, claws, fins and wings. By the time Prometheus finished carving humans, all the gifts were over and his creation was powerless. So, Prometheus taught them to read, write, count and build ships. He then decided to give them a gift forbidden by Zeus. Braving Zeus' wrath, he climbed Mount Olympus and stole fire from Zeus' lightning bolt so that humans could have fire.

The Wayuu people of Venezuela believe that the creator, Maleiwa, possessed burning stones which he guarded from humans, regarding them as unworthy. One day, a cunning young man, Junuunay, came to him for shelter but Maleiwa didn't trust him. Junuunay tried to distract him with conversation but Maleiwa remained alert. When a gust of wind diverted Maleiwa's attention, Junuunay grabbed two embers and ran into the jungle. Enraged, Maleiwa gave chase. Junuunay passed on an ember to a young hunter, Kenaa, who used trees and bushes to hide it. But the burning stone gave him away at night and Maleiwa turned him into a firefly, which flickers in the dark even today. Junuunay gave the second ember to a grasshopper, Jimut. The insect moved it from tree to tree till the very wood of trees held fire. Even today, when people drill a hole into a branch of a tree and rub a stick in it, a flame appears. As for Junuunay, he was turned into a scarab beetle and condemned to live in filth.

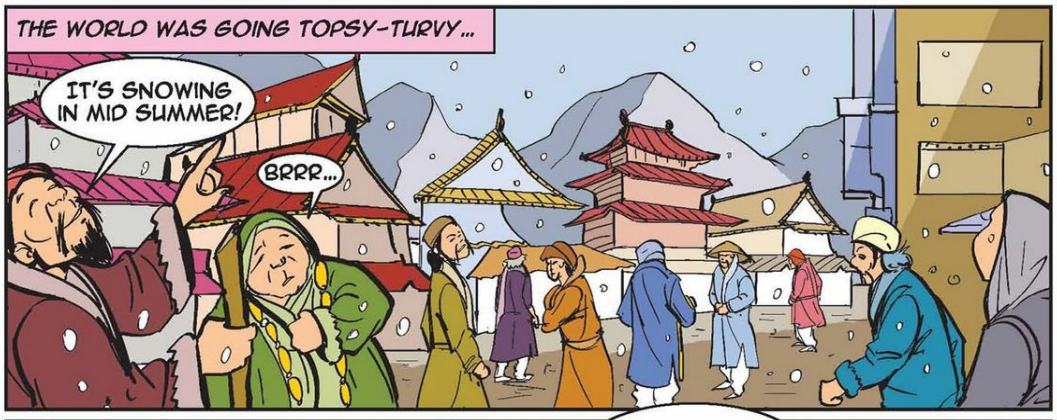
The Maori people of New Zealand tell the story of Mahuika, the mother of fire, who lived underground. Each of her fingers was a child of fire. One day, fire disappeared from earth and Maui, a rotten trickster, didn't want it to return. He tricked Mahuika into giving him one of her fingers and extinguished it by pouring water on it. Soon, he had extinguished all of her fingers, except one. Mahuika realised that she had been tricked and flew into a rage. She threw her last finger into a forest and it soon grew into a wildfire. She then pursued Maui into the forest. Maui, fearing for his life, took the form of a forest eagle and prayed to Tawhiri-matea, the god of storms, to bring rains and flood. Mahuika sensed that she was fighting a losing battle with the flood, so she hid in the kaikomako tree with her last finger. She perished in the flood while the flame slept peacefully. To this day, Mahuika's child can be awakened by rubbing the dry wood of trees.

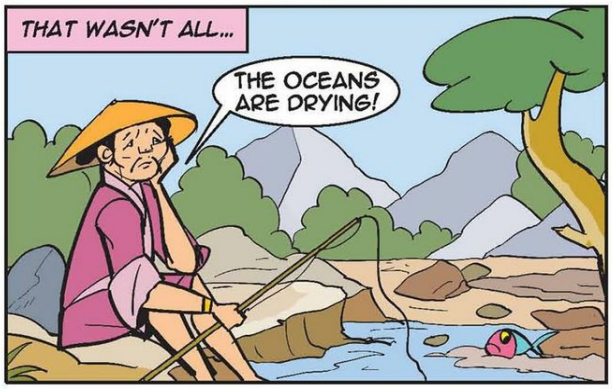
Our ancestors believed that fire was so precious that it had to be stolen from the gods. We are the only living beings, capable of creating and making use of fire. Eliminate fire from human history and we would still be living in the dark ages. So it is only appropriate that fire has an important role to play in our festivals and rituals of worship. This Diwali, as you light oil lamps and burst firecrackers, spare a thought to how fire makes all our celebrations possible.

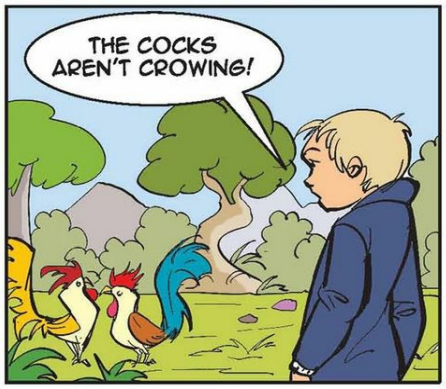
The Chinese Calendar

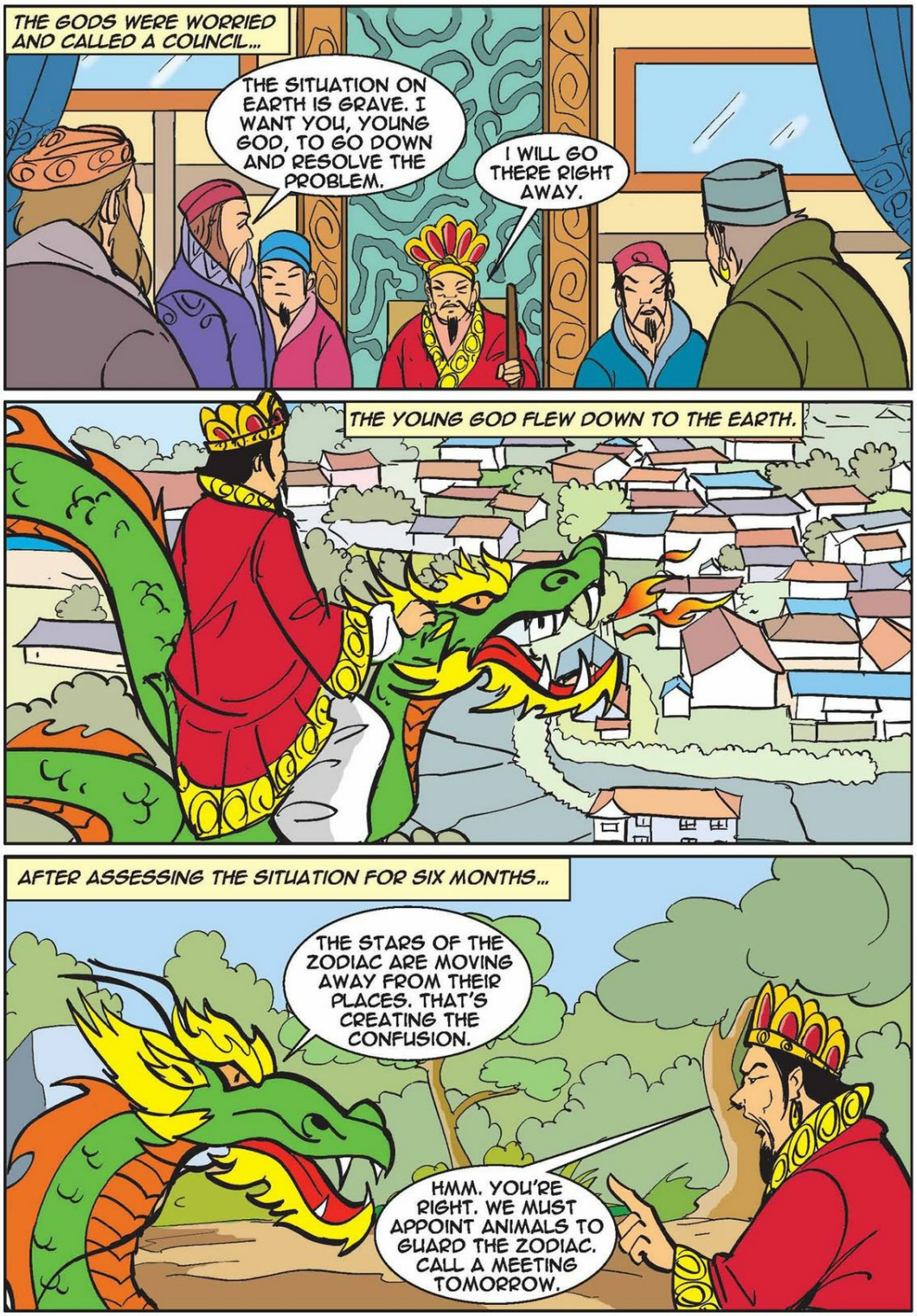
Based on a Chinese Folktale

Script: Sharmistha Sinha
Illustrator: Subramaniam M.
Colourist: Umesh Sarode
Letterer: Pranay Bendre





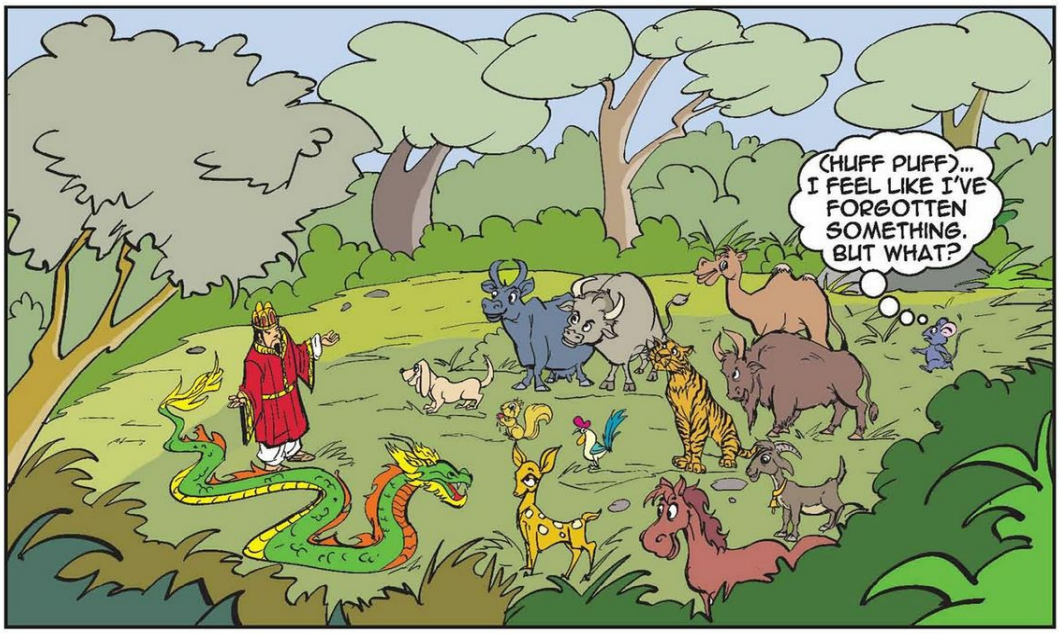



THE GODS WERE WORRIED AND CALLED A COUNCIL...
THE SITUATION ON EARTH IS GRAVE. I WANT YOU, YOUNG GOD, TO GO DOWN AND RESOLVE THE PROBLEM.
I WILL GO THERE RIGHT AWAY.
THE YOUNG GOD FLEW DOWN TO THE EARTH.
AFTER ASSESSING THE SITUATION FOR SIX MONTHS...
THE STARS OF THE ZODIAC ARE MOVING AWAY FROM THEIR PLACES. THAT'S CREATING THE CONFUSION.
HMM. YOU'RE RIGHT. WE MUST APPOINT ANIMALS TO GUARD THE ZODIAC. CALL A MEETING TOMORROW.

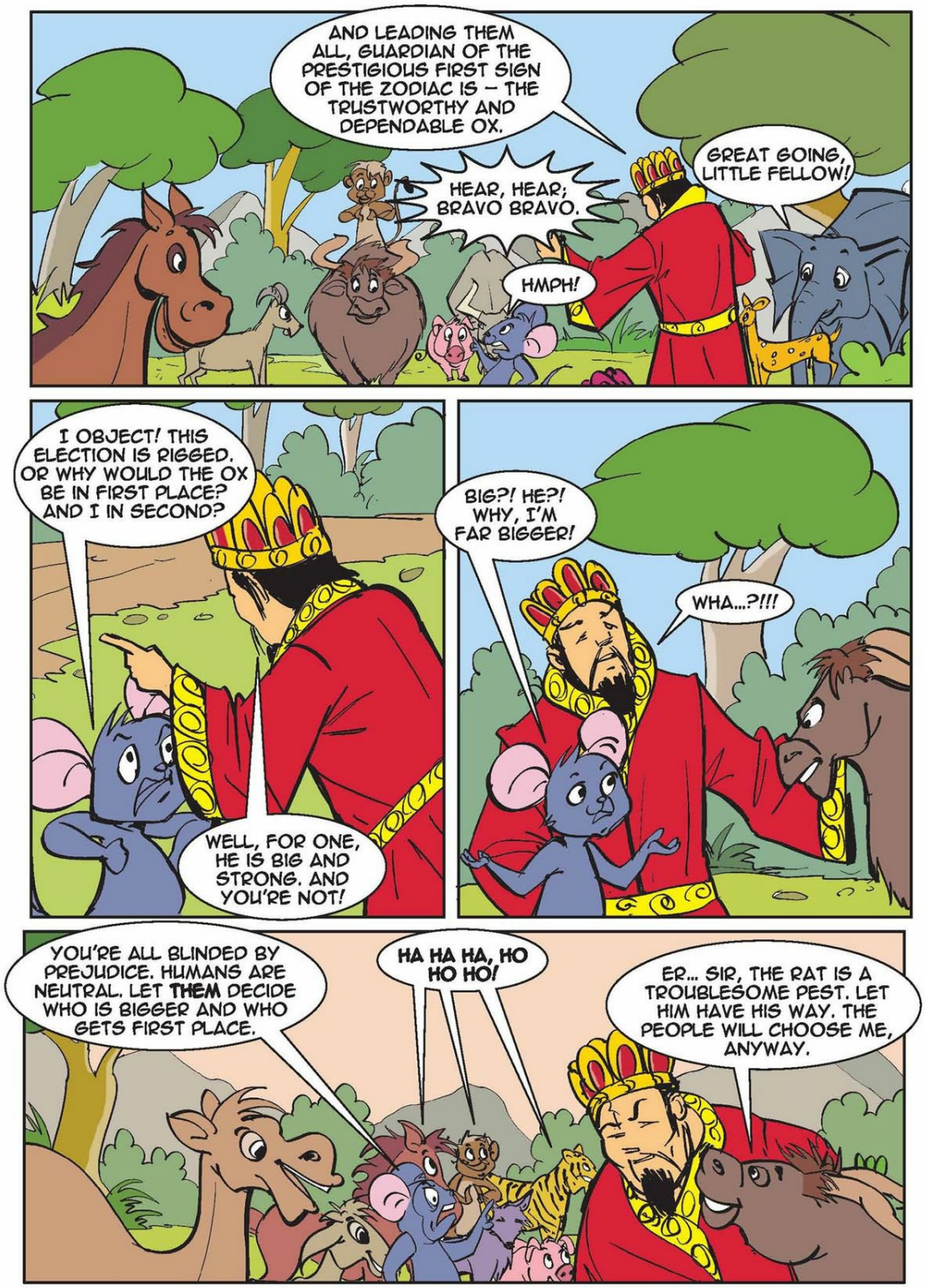
LATER THAT DAY...
WANTED: GUARDIANS FOR THE ZODIAC. INTERESTED ANIMALS...
WANTED
...TO BE PRESENT FOR SELECTION AT THE FOREST CLEARING...

...TOMORROW AT DAWN. GOSH! I NEVER WAKE UP THAT EARLY. RAT, WILL YOU WAKE ME? WE'LL WALK TO THE FOREST TOGETHER.
SURE.
WANTED

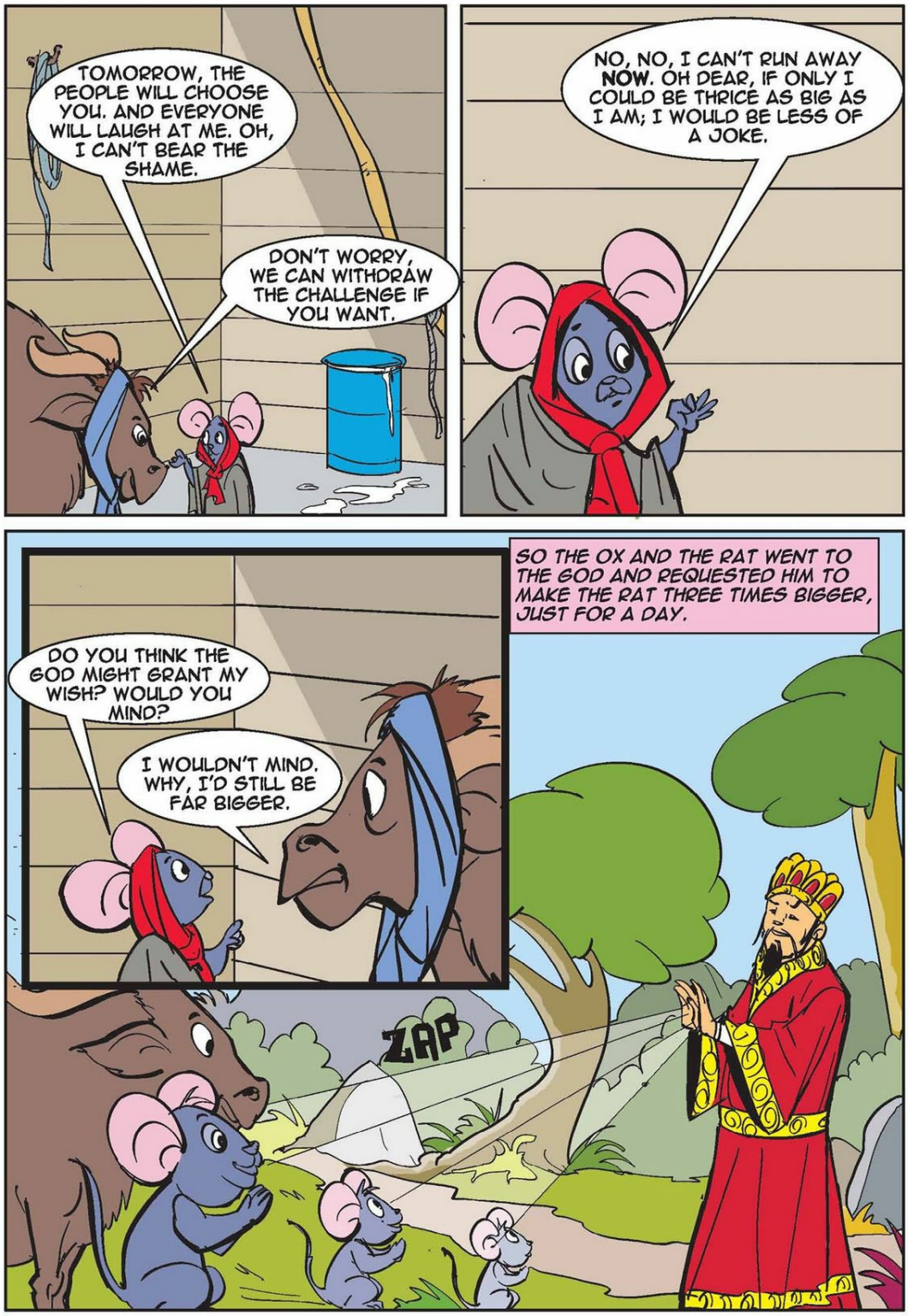
THE NEXT MORNING...
OH! OH! I'M SO LATE!
ZZZ... ZZZ


(HUFF PUFF)... I FEEL LIKE I'VE FORGOTTEN SOMETHING. BUT WHAT?

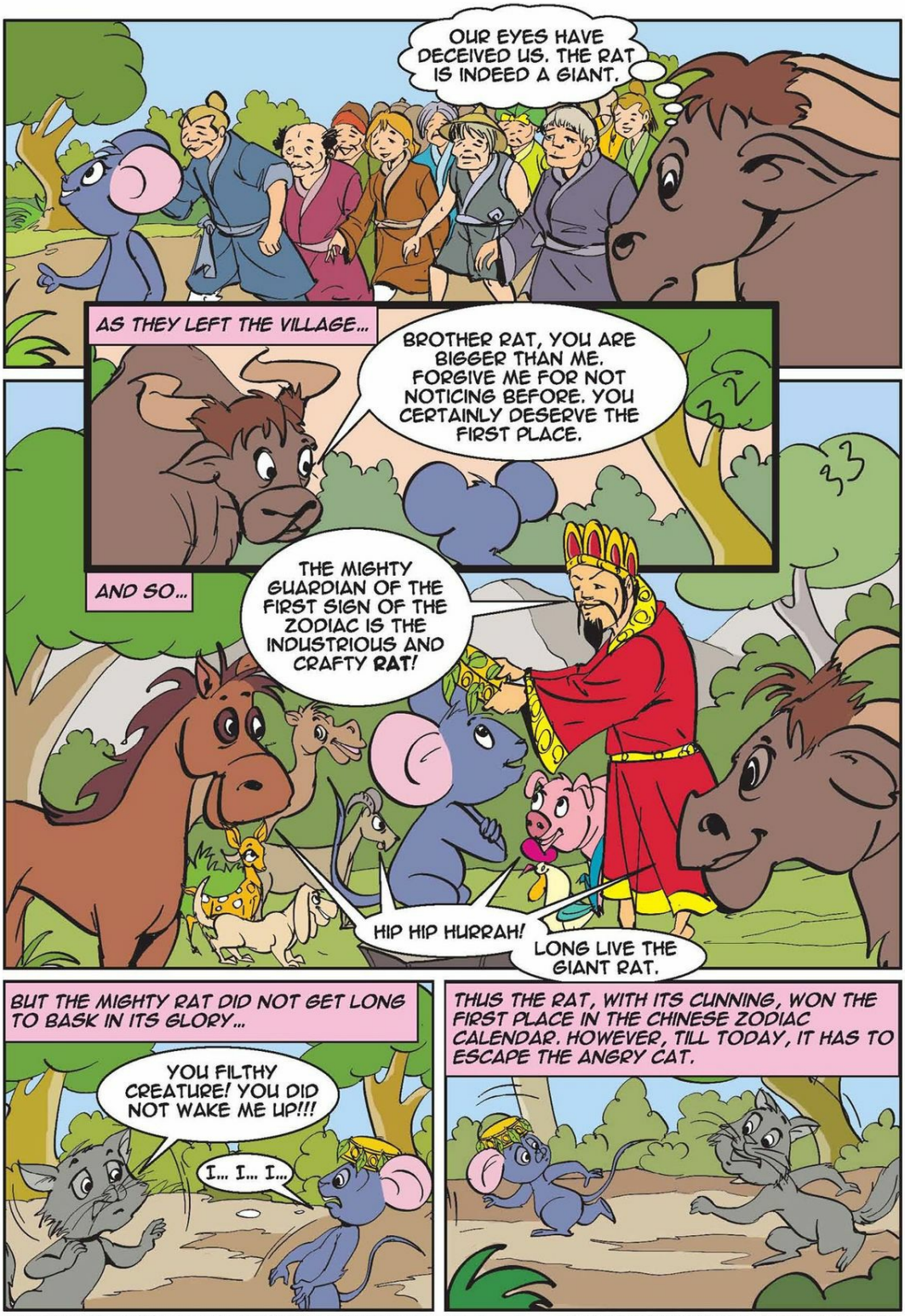
WE HAVE FINALLY CHOSEN 12 ANIMALS, FROM AMONGST THOSE PRESENT TODAY, AS ZODIAC GUARDIANS...
THE CAT!!! I FORGOT TO WAKE HIM!
THE GUARDIAN OF THE TWELFTH SIGN IS - THE STURDY PIG!
THE NAMES OF THE CHOSEN ANIMALS WERE READ OUT, ONE BY ONE, TILL...
THE GUARDIAN OF THE SECOND SIGN OF THE ZODIAC IS - THE INDUSTRIOUS RAT.
CLAP CLAP CLAP


AND LEADING THEM ALL, GUARDIAN OF THE PRESTIGIOUS FIRST SIGN OF THE ZODIAC IS – THE TRUSTWORTHY AND DEPENDABLE OX.
HEAR, HEAR; BRAVO BRAVO.
GREAT GOING, LITTLE FELLOW!
HMPH!
I OBJECT! THIS ELECTION IS RIGGED. OR WHY WOULD THE OX BE IN FIRST PLACE? AND I IN SECOND?
WELL, FOR ONE, HE IS BIG AND STRONG. AND YOU'RE NOT!
BIG?! HE?! WHY, I'M FAR BIGGER!
WHA...?!!!
YOU'RE ALL BLINDED BY PREJUDICE. HUMANS ARE NEUTRAL. LET THEM DECIDE WHO IS BIGGER AND WHO GETS FIRST PLACE.
HA HA HA, HO HO HO!
ER... SIR, THE RAT IS A TROUBLESOME PEST. LET HIM HAVE HIS WAY. THE PEOPLE WILL CHOOSE ME, ANYWAY.

ALL RIGHT, LITTLE ONE. YOU AND OX SHALL GO TO THE VILLAGE TOMORROW MORNING AND LET THE PEOPLE DECIDE. BUT AFTER THAT, NO MORE COMPLAINING!
ALL RIGHT.
THE MEETING ENDED AND ALL THE ANIMALS HEADED HOME...
I CAN'T GO HOME. THE CAT WILL DEVOUR ME...
ER... BROTHER SQUIRREL, CAN I STAY WITH YOU FOR A FEW DAYS. I'M SO TENSE. I'D LIKE TO HAVE YOU AROUND.
UM... ALL RIGHT. JUST DON'T TROUBLE ME!
LATE THAT NIGHT, WHEN THE OX WAS RESTING...
BOO HOO HOO
SOMEONE'S CRYING OUTSIDE...
IT'S YOU, DEAR RAT! WHAT'S WRONG? WHY ARE YOU CRYING?
OH, I'M SO ASHAMED. YOU'RE FAR BIGGER THAN I. I WAS ONLY JEALOUS... BOO HOO HOO


TOMORROW, THE PEOPLE WILL CHOOSE YOU. AND EVERYONE WILL LAUGH AT ME. OH, I CAN'T BEAR THE SHAME.
DON'T WORRY, WE CAN WITHDRAW THE CHALLENGE IF YOU WANT.
NO, NO, I CAN'T RUN AWAY **NOW**. OH DEAR, IF ONLY I COULD BE THRICE AS BIG AS I AM; I WOULD BE LESS OF A JOKE.
SO THE OX AND THE RAT WENT TO THE GOD AND REQUESTED HIM TO MAKE THE RAT THREE TIMES BIGGER, JUST FOR A DAY.
DO YOU THINK THE GOD MIGHT GRANT MY WISH? WOULD YOU MIND?
I WOULDN'T MIND. WHY, I'D STILL BE FAR BIGGER.
ZAP

THE NEXT MORNING, IN THE VILLAGE...
LOOK AT THAT RAT!
HE'S HUGE!
!!!
DID YOU SEE THAT RAT?!
YES, I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING SO BIG!
EEKS! WHAT A MONSTER OF A RAT!
MONSTER? RAT?
SOON THE RAT BECAME THE STAR ATTRACTION, AND THE OX WAS COMPLETELY IGNORED...
AREN'T YOU FROM THE NEXT VILLAGE?
YES. WE'VE COME TO SEE THE GIANT RAT.


OUR EYES HAVE DECEIVED US. THE RAT IS INDEED A GIANT.
AS THEY LEFT THE VILLAGE...
BROTHER RAT, YOU ARE BIGGER THAN ME. FORGIVE ME FOR NOT NOTICING BEFORE. YOU CERTAINLY DESERVE THE FIRST PLACE.
AND SO...
THE MIGHTY GUARDIAN OF THE FIRST SIGN OF THE ZODIAC IS THE INDUSTRIOUS AND CRAFTY RAT!
HIP HIP HURRAH!
LONG LIVE THE GIANT RAT.
BUT THE MIGHTY RAT DID NOT GET LONG TO BASK IN ITS GLORY...
YOU FILTHY CREATURE! YOU DID NOT WAKE ME UP!!!
I... I... I...
THUS THE RAT, WITH ITS CUNNING, WON THE FIRST PLACE IN THE CHINESE ZODIAC CALENDAR. HOWEVER, TILL TODAY, IT HAS TO ESCAPE THE ANGRY CAT.

Mrs. McWilliams and the Lightning

– An abridged Mark Twain short story

"WELL, sir," said Mr. McWilliams, "As I was telling you, I woke up, with my wife's cry of 'Mortimer! Mortimer!' wailing in my ears and as soon as I could scrape my faculties together I reached over in the dark and then said, 'Evangeline, is that you calling? What is the matter? Where are you?'

'Shut up in the closet. You ought to be ashamed to lie there and sleep so, with such an awful storm going on.'

'Why, how can one be ashamed when he is asleep?'

'MORTIMER!'

'Heavens! What is the matter, my love?'

'Do you mean to say you are in that bed yet?'

'Why, of course.'

'Come out of it instantly. I should think you would take some little care of your life, for my sake and the children's, if you will not for your own.'

'But my love...'

'Don't talk to me, Mortimer. You know there is no place so dangerous as a bed, in such a thunderstorm as this... all the books say that; yet there you would lie, and deliberately throw away your life... for goodness knows what, unless for the sake of arguing and arguing, and...'

'But, confound it, Evangeline, I'm not in the bed, now. I'm...'

Here I was interrupted by a sudden glare of lightning, followed by a terrified little scream from my wife and a tremendous blast of thunder.

'There! You see the result. Oh, Mortimer, how can you swear at such a time as this?'

'I didn't swear. And that wasn't a result of it, anyway. It would have come, just the same, if I hadn't said a word; and you know very well, Evangeline, at least you ought to know, that when the atmosphere is charged with electricity...'

'What are you doing? Lighting a match at such a time as this! Are you stark raving mad? Put it out! Put it out instantly! Are you determined to sacrifice us all? You know nothing attracts lightning like a light.'

(Fzt!... Crash! Boom...Bolom-boom-boom!)

'Oh, just listen to that! Now you see what you've done!'

'No, I don't see what I've done. A match may attract lightning, for all I know, but it doesn't cause lightning. For if that shot was aimed at my match, it was blessed poor marksmanship.'

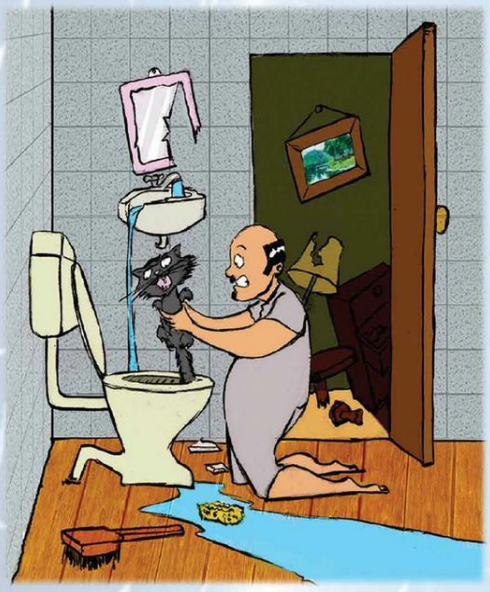
'Mortimer! Did you say your prayers tonight?'

'I-I... meant to, but I got involved in trying to figure out how much twelve times thirteen is, and...'

(Fzt! Boom-berroom-boom! Bumble-umble Bang... SMASH!)
'Oh, we are lost, beyond all help! How could you neglect to pray at such a time as this?'
'But there wasn't a cloud in the sky. How could I know there was going to be all this rumpus and pow-wow about a little slip like that? I haven't missed before since I brought on that earthquake, four years ago.'
'MORTIMER! How you talk! Have you forgotten the yellow fever[1]?'
'My dear, you are always throwing the yellow fever at me, and I think it is perfectly unreasonable. I'll stand the earthquake, because it was in the neighbourhood; but I'll be hanged if I'm going to be responsible for every...'
(Fzt! BOOM Beroom-boom! BANG!)
'Oh, dear, dear, dear! I know it struck something, Mortimer. We never shall see the light of another day... MORTIMER!'
'WELL! What now?'
'Your voice sounds as if... Mortimer, are you actually standing in front of that open fireplace?'
'That is the very crime I am committing.'
'Get away from it, this moment. You do seem determined to bring destruction on us all. Don't you know that there is no better conductor for lightning than an open chimney? Now where have you got to?'
'I'm here by the window.'
'Oh, for pity's sake, have you lost your mind? Clear out from there, this moment. Even a child knows it is fatal to stand near a window during a thunderstorm. Mortimer?'
'Yes?'
'What is that rustling?'
'It's me.'

'What are you doing?'
'Trying to put on my trousers.'
'Quick! Throw those things away! You know perfectly well that all authorities agree that woollen stuff attract lightning. Oh, dear, dear, it isn't sufficient that one's life must be in peril from natural causes, but you must do everything you can possibly think of to augment the danger. Oh, don't sing! What can you be thinking of?'
'Now where's the harm in it?'
'Mortimer, if I have told you once, I have told you a hundred times, that singing causes vibrations in the atmosphere which interrupt the flow of the electric fluid, and... what on earth are you opening that door for? There's death in it. Anybody that has given this subject any attention knows that to create a draught is to invite the lightning. You haven't half shut it; shut it tight, and do hurry, or we are all destroyed. Oh, it is an awful thing to be shut up with a lunatic at such a time as this. Mortimer, what are you doing?'
'Nothing. Just turning on the water. This room is smothering hot and closed. I want to bathe my face and hands.'

'You have certainly parted with the remnants of your mind! Where lightning strikes any other substance once, it strikes water fifty times. Do turn it off. Oh, dear, I am sure that nothing in this world can save us. It does seem to me that... Mortimer, what was that?'
'It was a picture. Knocked it down.'
'Then you are close to the wall! Don't you know that there's no better conductor for lightning than a wall? Come in here... quick!'
I tried, but the little closet would not hold us both with the door shut, unless we could be content to smother. I gasped awhile, then forced my way out. My wife called out, 'Mortimer, something must be done for your preservation. Give me that book that is on the end of the mantelpiece, and a candle; but don't light it; give me a match; I will light it in here. That book has some directions in it.'
I got the book, at the cost of a vase and some other brittle things; and the madam shut herself up with her candle. I had a moment's peace; then she called out,

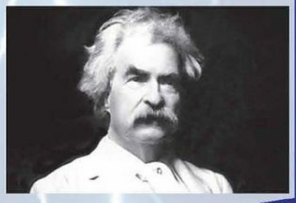


'Mortimer, what was that?'
'Nothing but the cat.'
'The cat! Oh, destruction! Catch her, and shut her up in the washstand. Do be quick, love; cats are full of electricity. I just know my hair will turn white with this night's awful perils.'
I heard muffled sobbing again. But for that, I should not have moved hand or foot in such an enterprise in the dark. However, I went at my task, over chairs, and against all sorts of obstructions, all of them hard ones, too, and most of them with sharp edges, and at last I got kitty cooped up in the commode, at an expense of over four hundred dollars in broken furniture and shins. Then these muffled words came from the closet, 'It says the safest thing is to stand on a chair in the middle of the room, Mortimer; and the legs of the chair must be insulated, with non-conductors. That is, you must set the legs of the chair in glass tumblers.'
(Fzt! Boom... Bang! Smash!)
'Oh, hear that! Do hurry, Mortimer, before you are struck.'
I managed to find and secure the tumblers. I got the last four... broke all the rest. I insulated the chair legs, and called for further instructions.
'Mortimer, it says that you ought to keep some metals about you. Metals are in the nature of lightning rods, you know. Put on your fireman's helmet, Mortimer; that is mostly metal.'
I got it and put it on, a very heavy and clumsy and uncomfortable thing on a hot night in a closed room.
'Mortimer, I think your middle ought to be protected. Won't you buckle on your militia sabre, please?'
I complied.
'Now, Mortimer, you ought to have some way to protect your feet. Do please put on your spurs.'

I did it, in silence, and kept my temper as well as I could.
'Mortimer, it says that it is dangerous not to ring the church bells during a thunderstorm! Get the large dinner bell; it is right there in the hall. Quick, Mortimer dear; we are almost safe. Oh, dear, I do believe we are going to be saved, at last!'
Our little summer establishment stands on top of a high range of hills, overlooking a valley. Several farmhouses are in our neighbourhood, the nearest some three or four hundred yards away.
When I, mounted on the chair, had been clanging that dreadful bell for a matter of seven or eight minutes, our shutters were suddenly torn open from outside, and a lantern was thrust in at the window, followed by a hoarse inquiry, 'What in the nation is the matter here?'
The window was full of men's heads, and the heads were full of eyes that stared wildly at my nightclothes and my warlike accessories. I dropped the bell, skipped down from the chair in confusion, and said, 'There is nothing the matter, friends, only a little discomfort on account of the thunderstorm. I was trying to keep off the lightning.'
'Thunderstorm? Lightning? Why, sir, have you lost your mind? It is a beautiful starlit night; there has been no storm.'
I looked out, and I was so astonished I could hardly speak for a while. Then I said, 'I do not understand this. We distinctly saw the glow of the flashes through the curtains and shutters, and heard the thunder.'
One after another, those people lay down on the ground to laugh. One of them remarked, 'Pity, you didn't think to open your blinds and look over to the top of the high

hill yonder. What you heard was cannon; what you saw was the flash. You see, the telegraph brought some news, just at midnight: Garfield's[2] nominated, and that's what's the matter!'
Yes, Mr. Twain, as I was saying in the beginning," said Mr. McWilliams, "The rules for preserving people against lightning are so excellent and so innumerable that the most incomprehensible thing in the world to me is how anybody ever manages to get struck."
So saying, he gathered up his satchel and umbrella, and departed; for the train had reached his town.

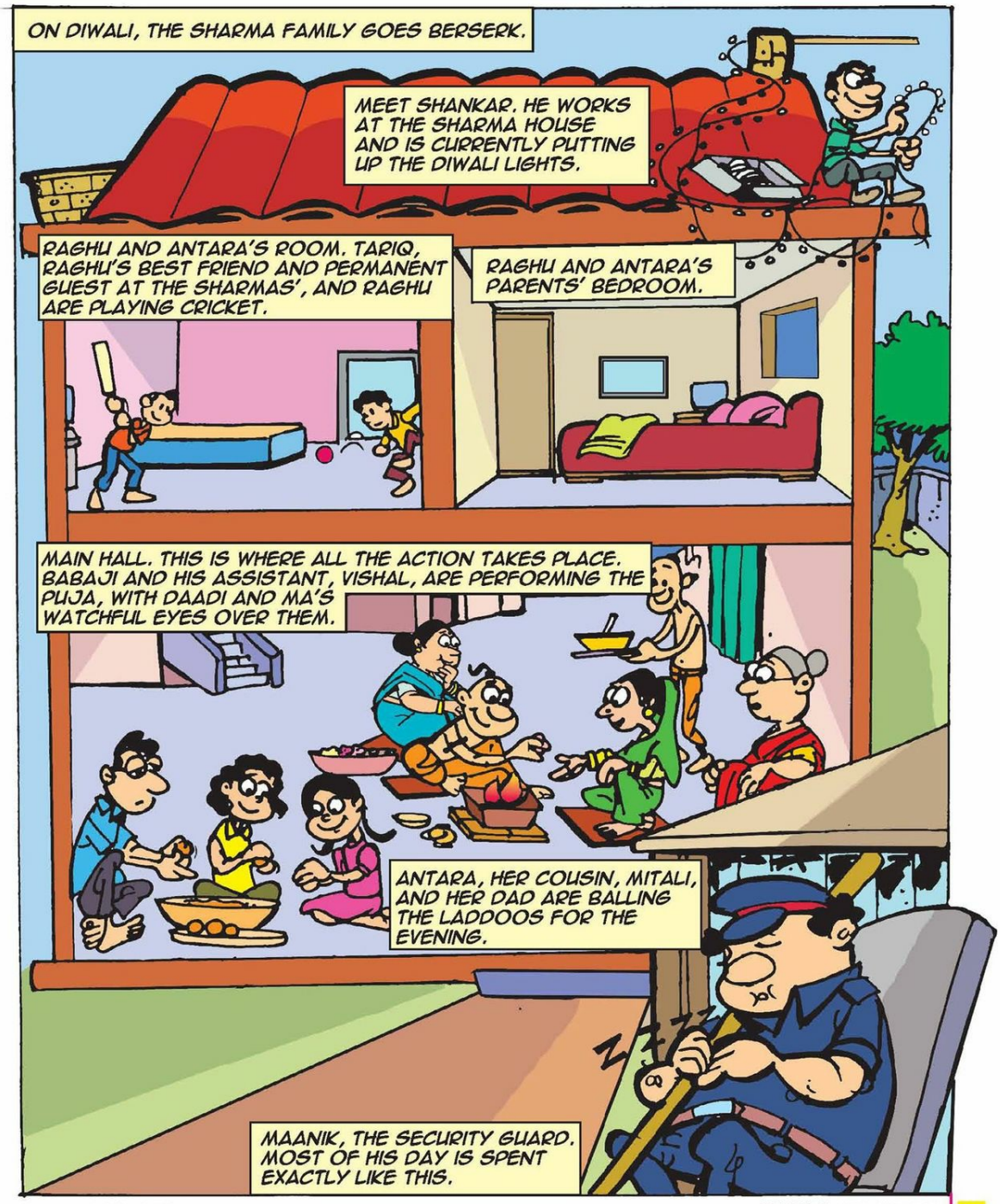
1 yellow fever = infectious tropical disease
2 Garfield = James A. Garfield, elected President of USA in 1880

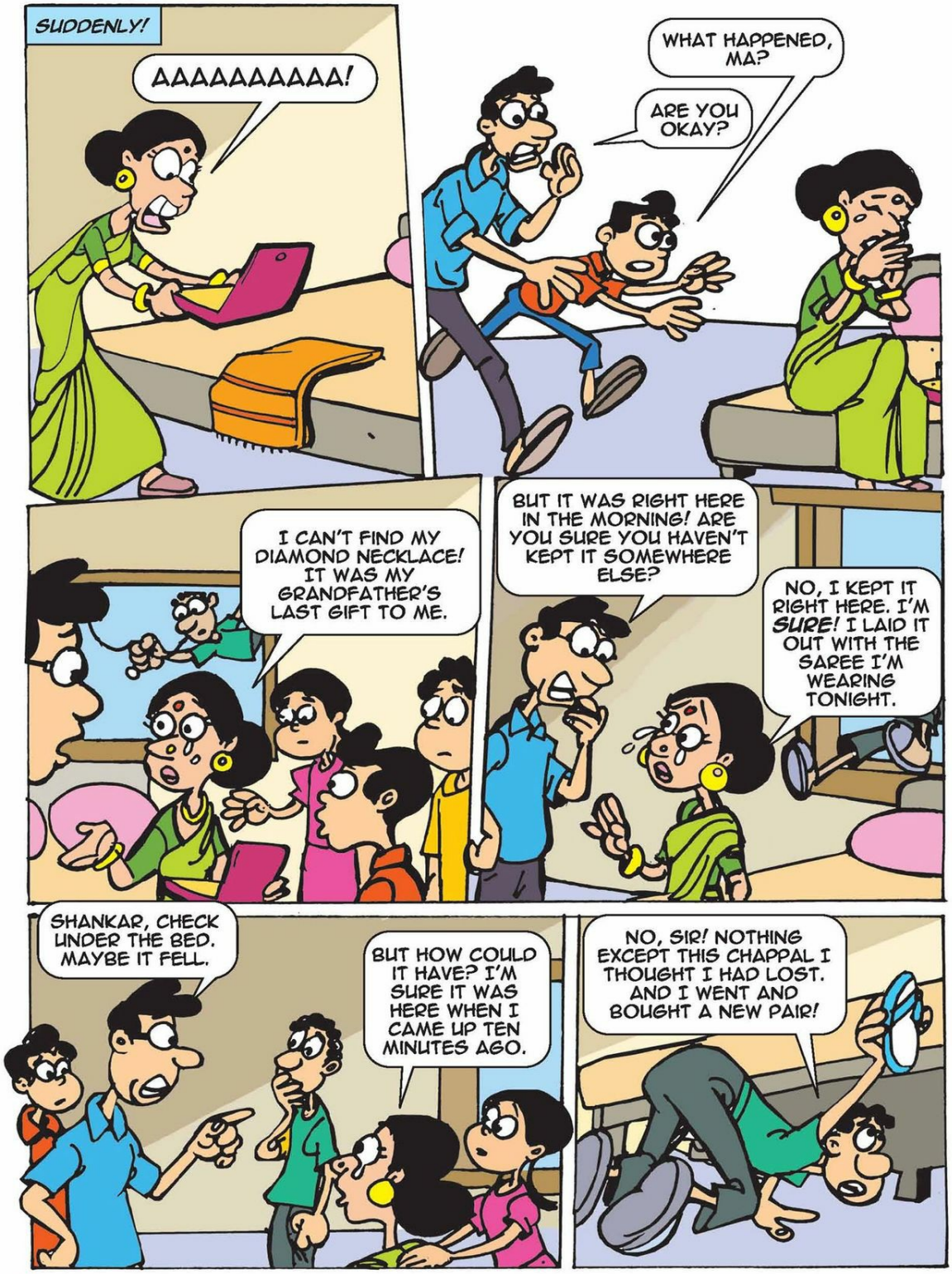


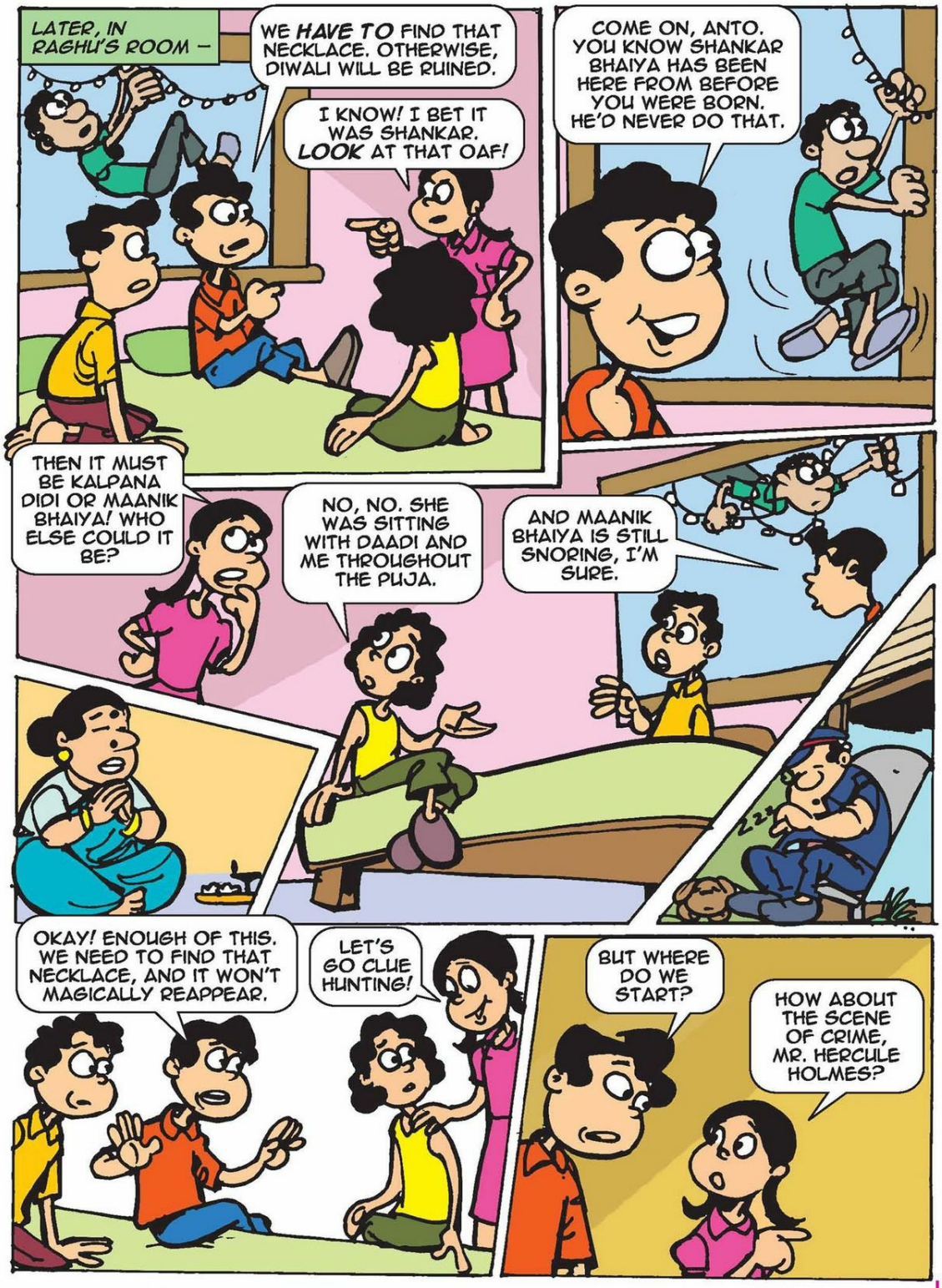
Mark Twain was the pen name of Samuel Langhorne Clemens. He was a popular American writer famous for such classics as *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer* and *Huckleberry Finn*, among other humorous writings.

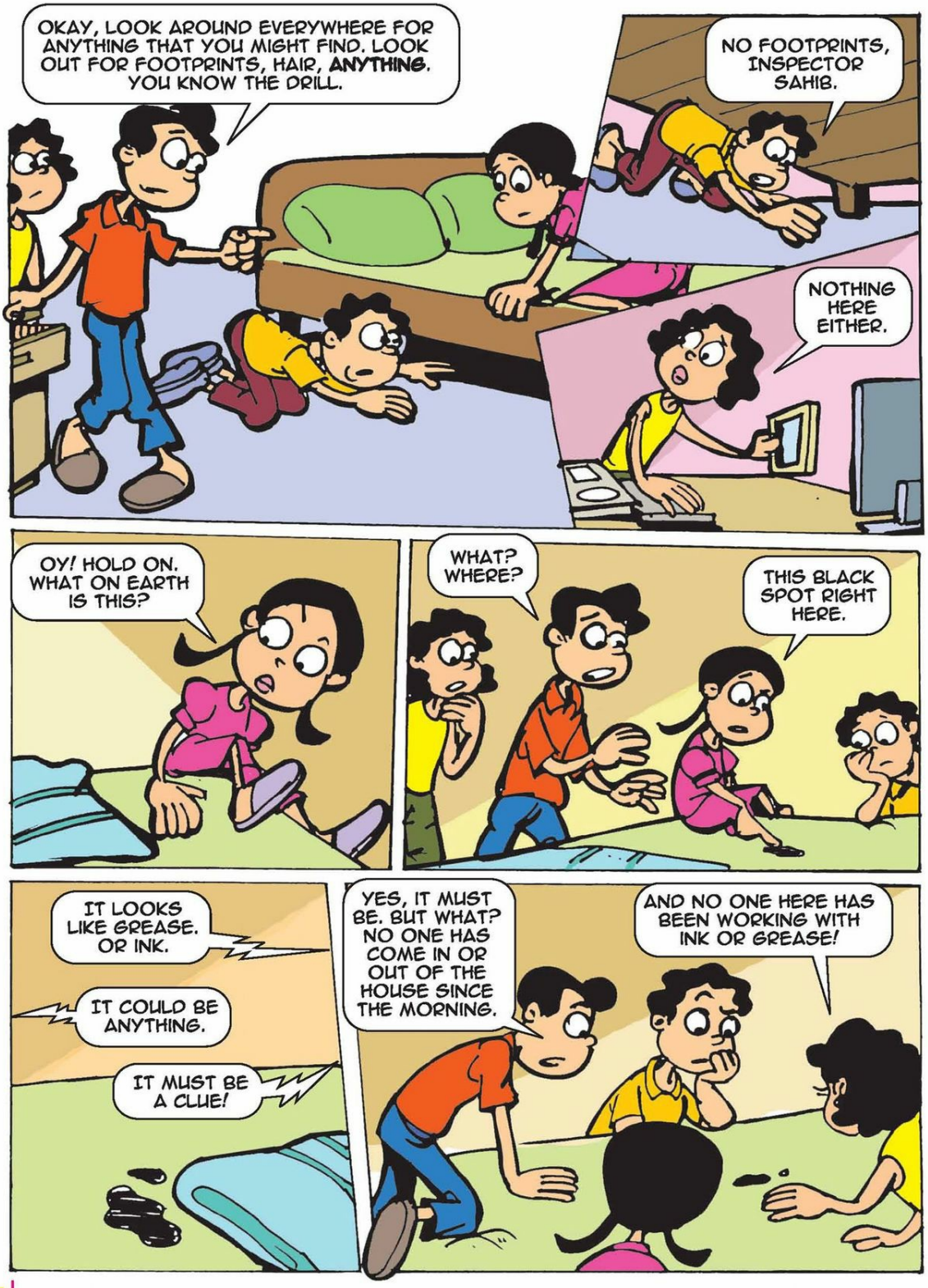
DIWALI AT THE SHARMAS'

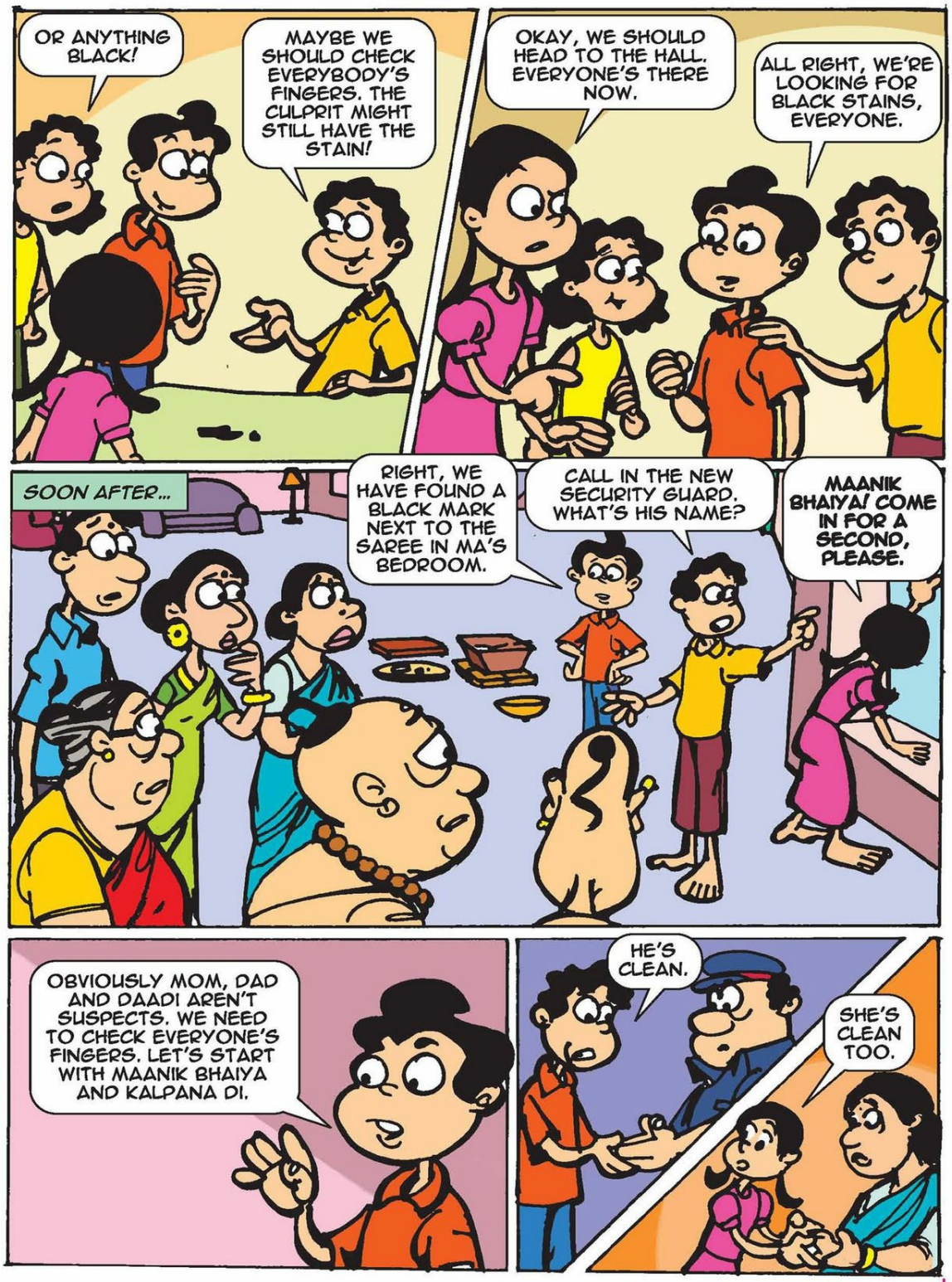
Writer: Neel Debdutt Paul
Illustrator: Archana Amberkar
Colourist: Umesh Sarode
Letterer: Prasad Sawant

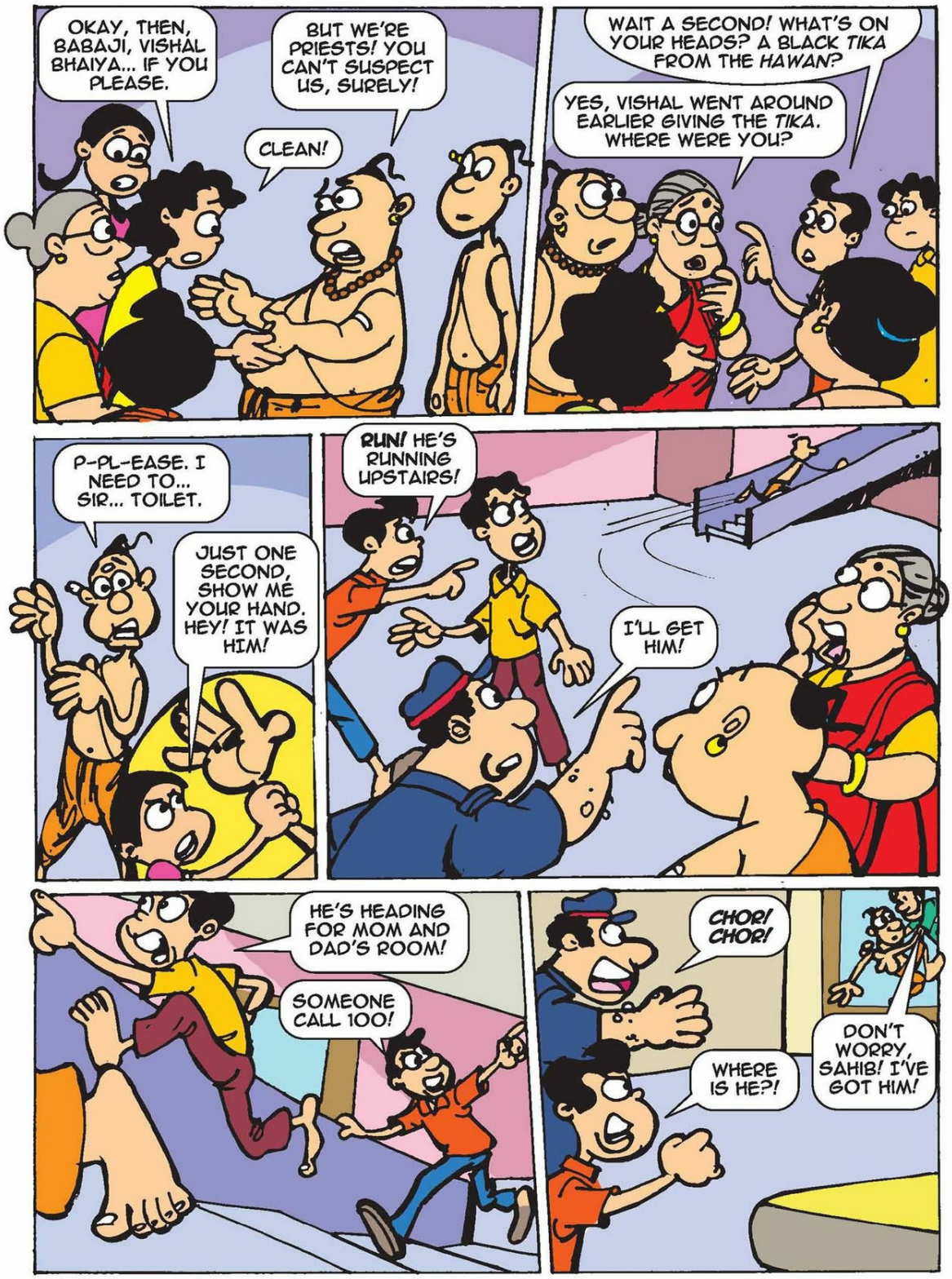


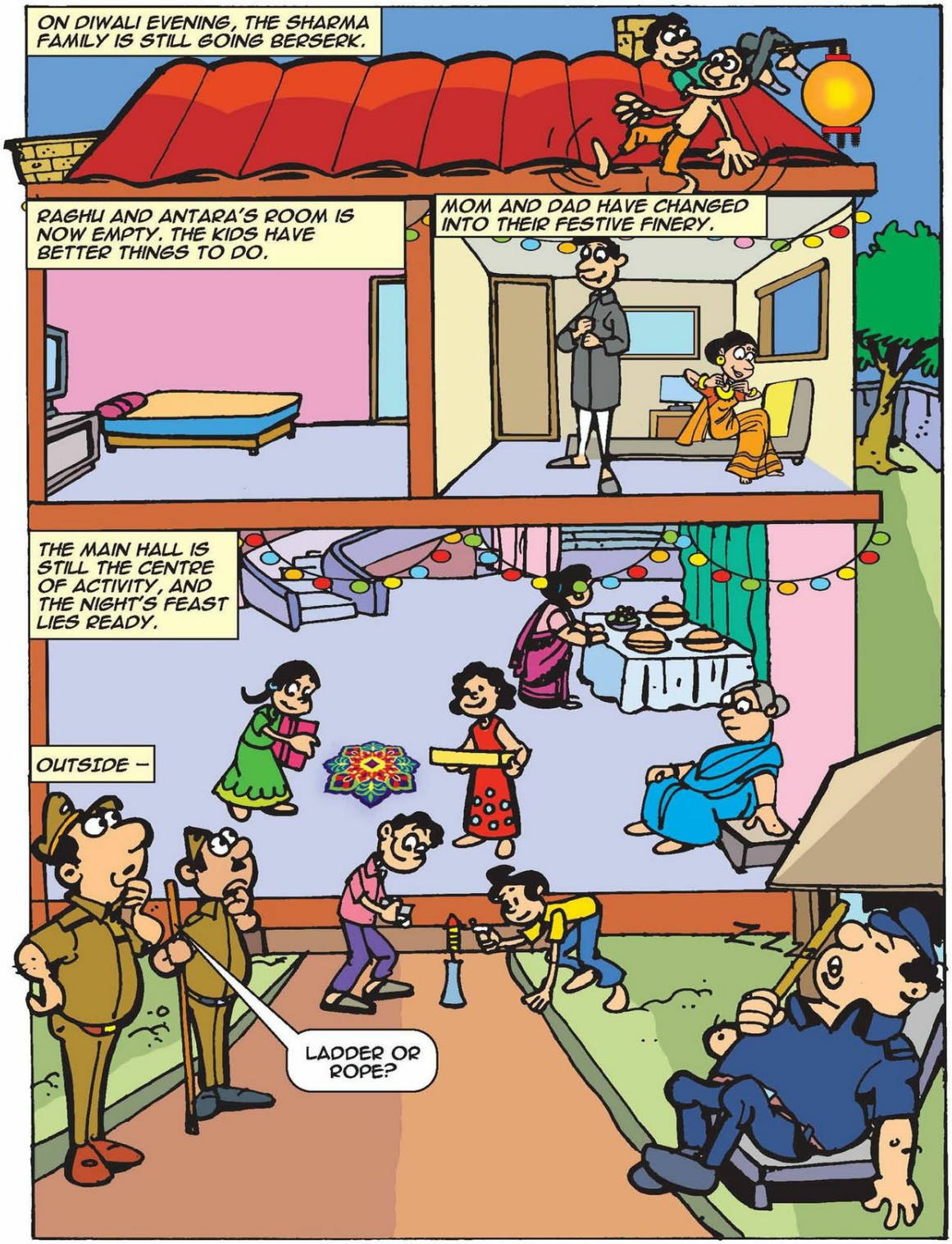

SUDDENLY!
AAAAAAAAAA!
WHAT HAPPENED, MA?
ARE YOU OKAY?
I CAN'T FIND MY DIAMOND NECKLACE! IT WAS MY GRANDFATHER'S LAST GIFT TO ME.
BUT IT WAS RIGHT HERE IN THE MORNING! ARE YOU SURE YOU HAVEN'T KEPT IT SOMEWHERE ELSE?
NO, I KEPT IT RIGHT HERE. I'M SURE! I LAID IT OUT WITH THE SAREE I'M WEARING TONIGHT.
SHANKAR, CHECK UNDER THE BED. MAYBE IT FELL.
BUT HOW COULD IT HAVE? I'M SURE IT WAS HERE WHEN I CAME UP TEN MINUTES AGO.
NO, SIR! NOTHING EXCEPT THIS CHAPPAL I THOUGHT I HAD LOST. AND I WENT AND BOUGHT A NEW PAIR!


LATER, IN RAGHU'S ROOM –
WE HAVE TO FIND THAT NECKLACE. OTHERWISE, DIWALI WILL BE RUINED.
I KNOW! I BET IT WAS SHANKAR. LOOK AT THAT OAF!
COME ON, ANTO. YOU KNOW SHANKAR BHAIYA HAS BEEN HERE FROM BEFORE YOU WERE BORN. HE'D NEVER DO THAT.
THEN IT MUST BE KALPANA DIDI OR MAANIK BHAIYA! WHO ELSE COULD IT BE?
NO, NO. SHE WAS SITTING WITH DAADI AND ME THROUGHOUT THE PUJA.
AND MAANIK BHAIYA IS STILL SNORING, I'M SURE.
OKAY! ENOUGH OF THIS. WE NEED TO FIND THAT NECKLACE, AND IT WON'T MAGICALLY REAPPEAR.
LET'S GO CLUE HUNTING!
BUT WHERE DO WE START?
HOW ABOUT THE SCENE OF CRIME, MR. HERCULE HOLMES?

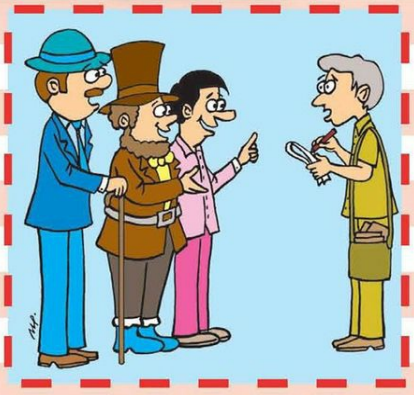

OKAY, LOOK AROUND EVERYWHERE FOR ANYTHING THAT YOU MIGHT FIND. LOOK OUT FOR FOOTPRINTS, HAIR, ANYTHING. YOU KNOW THE DRILL.
NO FOOTPRINTS, INSPECTOR SAHIB.
NOTHING HERE EITHER.
OY! HOLD ON. WHAT ON EARTH IS THIS?
WHAT? WHERE?
THIS BLACK SPOT RIGHT HERE.
IT LOOKS LIKE GREASE. OR INK.
IT COULD BE ANYTHING.
IT MUST BE A CLUE!
YES, IT MUST BE. BUT WHAT? NO ONE HAS COME IN OR OUT OF THE HOUSE SINCE THE MORNING.
AND NO ONE HERE HAS BEEN WORKING WITH INK OR GREASE!


OR ANYTHING BLACK!
MAYBE WE SHOULD CHECK EVERYBODY'S FINGERS. THE CULPRIT MIGHT STILL HAVE THE STAIN!
OKAY, WE SHOULD HEAD TO THE HALL. EVERYONE'S THERE NOW.
ALL RIGHT, WE'RE LOOKING FOR BLACK STAINS, EVERYONE.
SOON AFTER...
RIGHT, WE HAVE FOUND A BLACK MARK NEXT TO THE SAREE IN MA'S BEDROOM.
CALL IN THE NEW SECURITY GUARD. WHAT'S HIS NAME?
MAANIK BHAIYA! COME IN FOR A SECOND, PLEASE.
OBVIOUSLY MOM, DAD AND DAADI AREN'T SUSPECTS. WE NEED TO CHECK EVERYONE'S FINGERS. LET'S START WITH MAANIK BHAIYA AND KALPANA DI.
HE'S CLEAN.
SHE'S CLEAN TOO.


OKAY, THEN, BABAJI, VISHAL BHAIYA... IF YOU PLEASE.
BUT WE'RE PRIESTS! YOU CAN'T SUSPECT US, SURELY!
CLEAN!
WAIT A SECOND! WHAT'S ON YOUR HEADS? A BLACK TIKA FROM THE HAWAN?
YES, VISHAL WENT AROUND EARLIER GIVING THE TIKA. WHERE WERE YOU?
P-PL-EASE. I NEED TO... SIR... TOILET.
JUST ONE SECOND, SHOW ME YOUR HAND. HEY! IT WAS HIM!
RUN! HE'S RUNNING UPSTAIRS!
I'LL GET HIM!
HE'S HEADING FOR MOM AND DAD'S ROOM!
SOMEONE CALL 100!
CHOR! CHOR!
WHERE IS HE?!
DON'T WORRY, SAHIB! I'VE GOT HIM!


ON DIWALI EVENING, THE SHARMA FAMILY IS STILL GOING BERSERK.
RAGHU AND ANTARA'S ROOM IS NOW EMPTY. THE KIDS HAVE BETTER THINGS TO DO.
MOM AND DAD HAVE CHANGED INTO THEIR FESTIVE FINERY.
THE MAIN HALL IS STILL THE CENTRE OF ACTIVITY, AND THE NIGHT'S FEAST LIES READY.
OUTSIDE –
LADDER OR ROPE?
ZZZ

LAUGH LINES



An Englishman, an Irishman and an Indian were participating in a survey about tea-drinking habits.

"I always stir my tea with my left hand," said the Englishman.

"I always stir my tea with my right hand," said the Irishman.

"How about you?" the Indian was asked.

"Oh me?" said the Indian, "I always use a spoon."

A lady wanted to lose some weight. So, she sought the help of a dietitian, who told her, "It would be best if you eat regularly for two days, then skip a day, and repeat this procedure for two weeks. The next time we meet, you'll have lost at least 3 kgs."

When the lady returned a fortnight later, the dietitian was stunned to see that she had lost more than 10 kilograms. "That's amazing!" the dietitian exclaimed. "Did you follow my instructions?"

The lady nodded and replied, "I must tell you though, it was really tough. I thought that I was going to drop dead on the third day itself. Whew!"

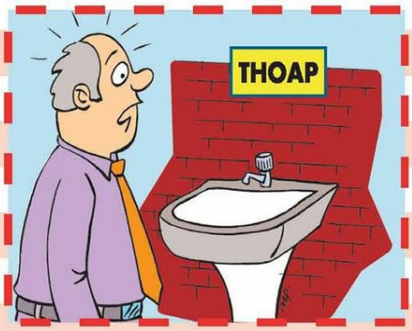
"From hunger?" asked the dietitian.

"No, from skipping," sighed the lady.

Father Williams was walking down the street one day when he noticed a very small boy trying to reach the doorbell of a house. However, the doorbell was too high for him and no matter how hard he tried, he could not get to it.

After watching the boy's efforts for some time, Father Williams walked up behind the little fellow and, placing his hand kindly on the child's shoulder, leaned over and gave the doorbell a solid ring. Then, crouching down to the boy's level, Father Williams smiled benevolently and asked, "And now what, my little man?"

To which the little boy replied with a beaming grin, "Now... we run!"



A new manager in an office wanted to do something to motivate the staff. So, he put up a sign saying "THINK" above the basin in the staff restroom.

After a few hours, when he returned to the restroom, he found a new sign above the dispenser – it read "THOAP".

Every year, little Abhay Sharma's extended family had a big get-together on Diwali. This year, to add something 'extra' to the event, they had decided to have a barbecue dinner in the garden. This was to be followed by the lighting of fireworks; the main attraction being a few banned crackers that Abhay's father, Mr. Sharma, had managed to procure with some difficulty.

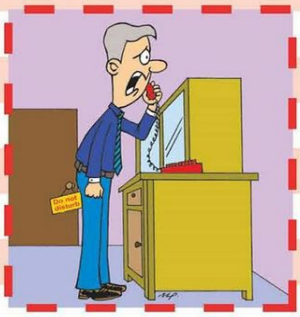
At the eleventh hour, a cousin called up to ask if he could bring some friends along.

"Oh sure! The more the merrier," replied Mr. Sharma. But, as luck would have it, one of the cousin's friends turned out to be a police officer. As soon as the introductions had been made, Mr. Sharma turned innocently to Abhay and whispered, "Quick! Grab the bag of fireworks kept in the kitchen and hide it somewhere."

Abhay disappeared, and his father changed the topic to food. The cousin's friends wanted to begin grilling, so Mr. Sharma told them that the grill was ready and waiting in the garden – they just had to turn on the gas and push the ignition button with the lid still closed.

As the group headed out to the garden, Abhay returned through the back door. His father hurried to him and said, "Whew, that was close! That man's a police officer, and he almost saw the fireworks. Did you hide them well?"

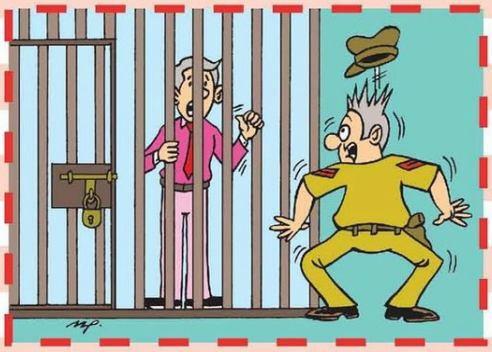
"Oh, yes," replied Abhay proudly, "Nobody will ever think of looking in the grill!"



A young man checked into a hotel for the first time in his life. Barely five minutes after entering his room, he called the reception desk and said in a voice full of panic, "You've given me a room with no exit. How do I get out?"

The desk clerk said politely, "Sir, that's absurd. Have you looked for the door?"

The man replied, "Well, there's one door that leads to the bathroom. There's a second door that goes into a cupboard. And there's a door I haven't tried, but it has a 'Do not disturb' sign on it."



A police officer in a small town stopped a speeding motorist.

"But officer..." the man said, "I can explain."

"Just be quiet," snapped the officer. "Speeding like a maniac during peak hours! Now cool your heels in jail until the chief gets back."

"But, officer, I just wanted to say..." began the motorist only to be cut short by the officer. "Didn't I tell you to keep quiet? You're going to jail and that's that!"

A few hours later, the officer looked in on his prisoner. Seeing the glum look on the man's face, the officer said, "You should be happy – you won't get a tough punishment. The chief is at his daughter's wedding and he'll be in a good mood when he gets back."

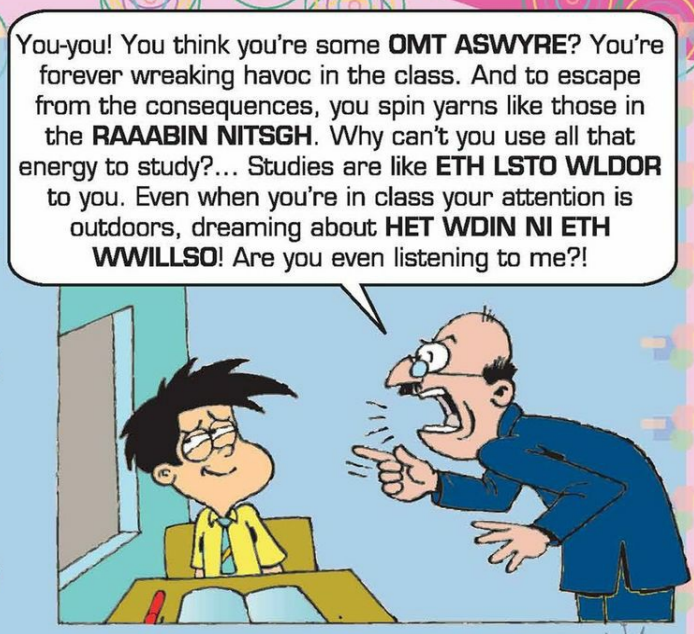
"Don't count on it," answered the fellow in the cell. "I'm the bridegroom."

MIND TICKLERS

A Scrambled Shouting

Butter has fallen into another scrape at school and Principal Jagmohan is certainly not happy about it. But as the principal is giving him a talking to, Butter keeps tuning out with the result that he scrambles up some words. Can you unscramble them?

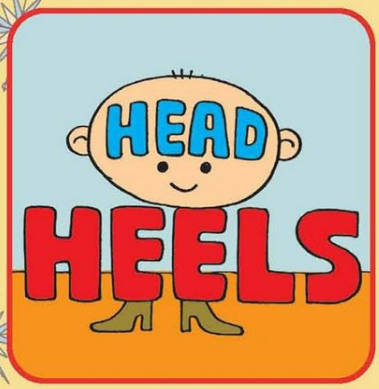
(Hint: They are the names of very famous books!)



Rebus Remix

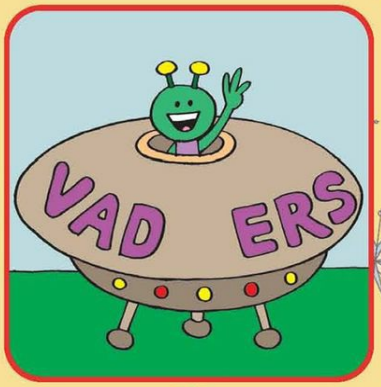
A Rebus puzzle uses the positioning of words or parts of words in relation to each other to convey a hidden meaning.

Can you find the meanings which the following words are trying to convey? The pictures accompaying them are your clues.



a

b



c

Answers on Pg. 96

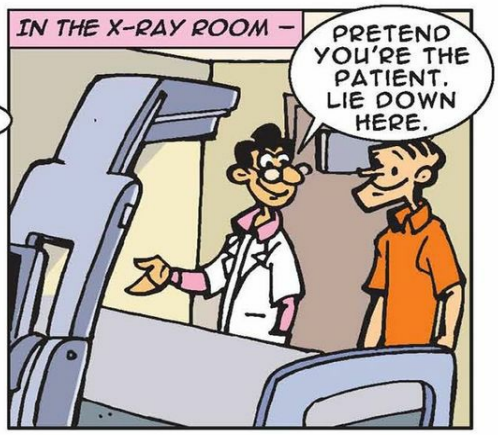
Suppandi X-Ray

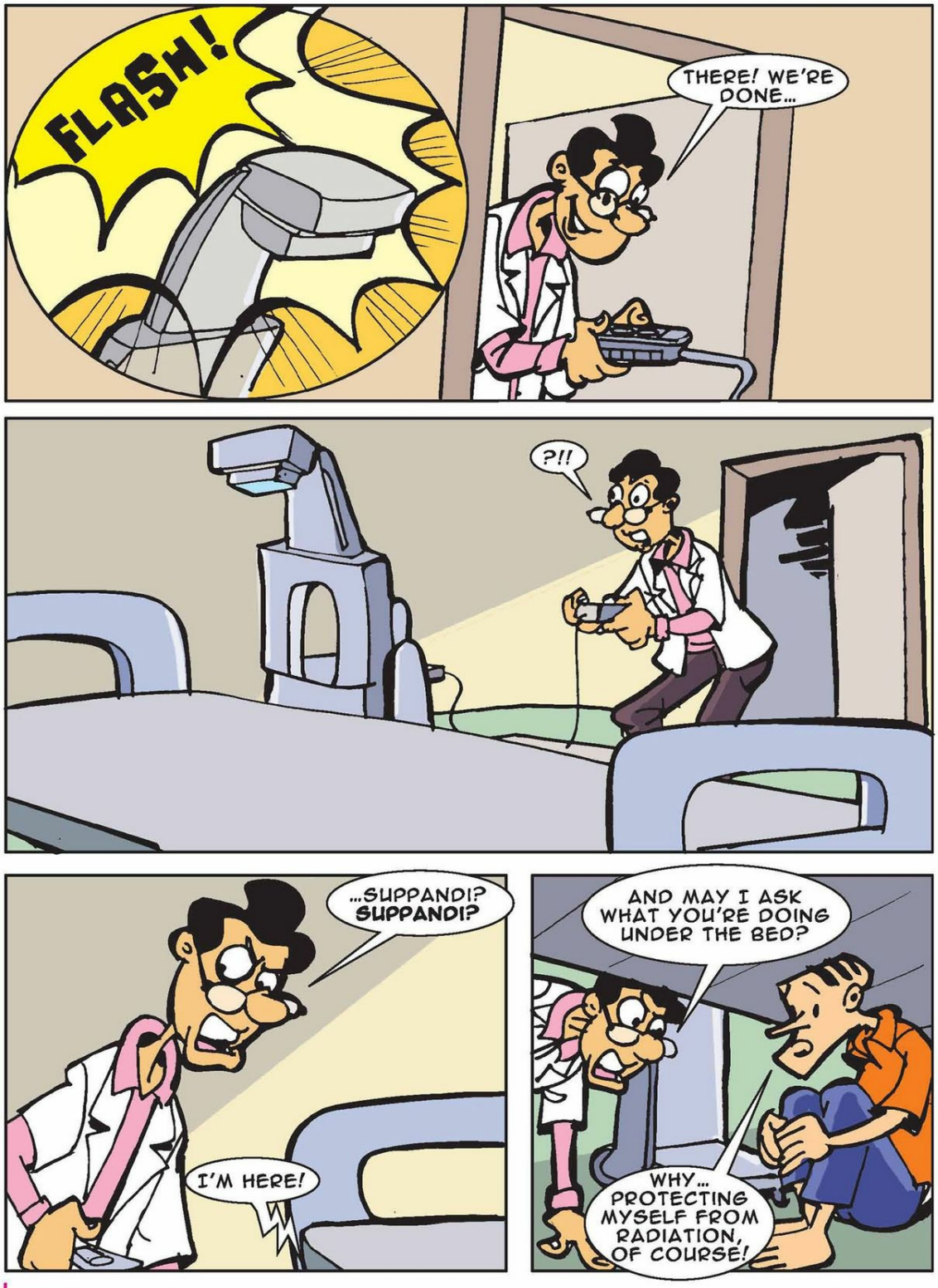
Writer:
Dolly Pahlajani

Illustrator:
Archana Amberkar

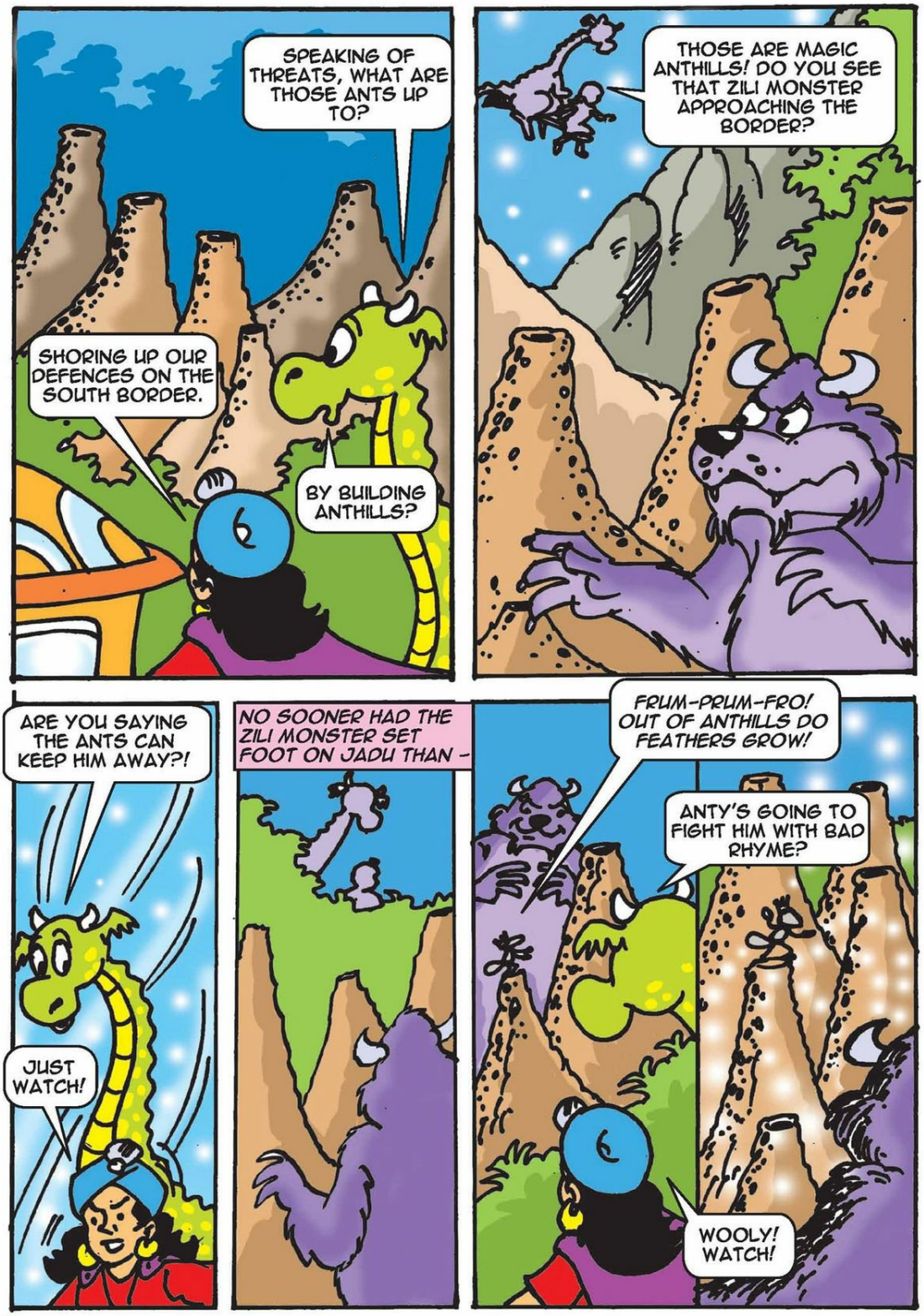
Colourist:
Umesh Sarode

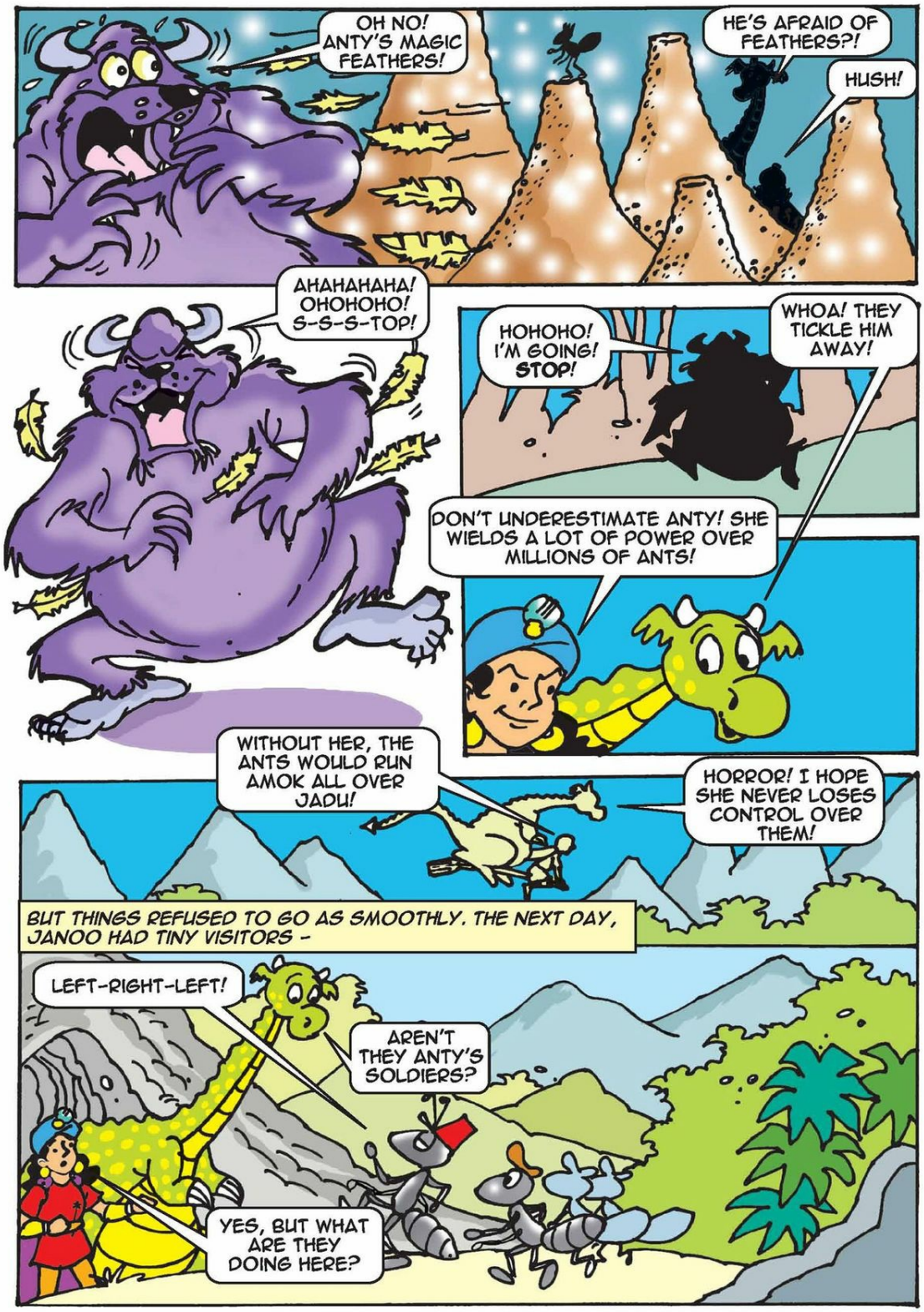
Letterer:
Pranay Bendre

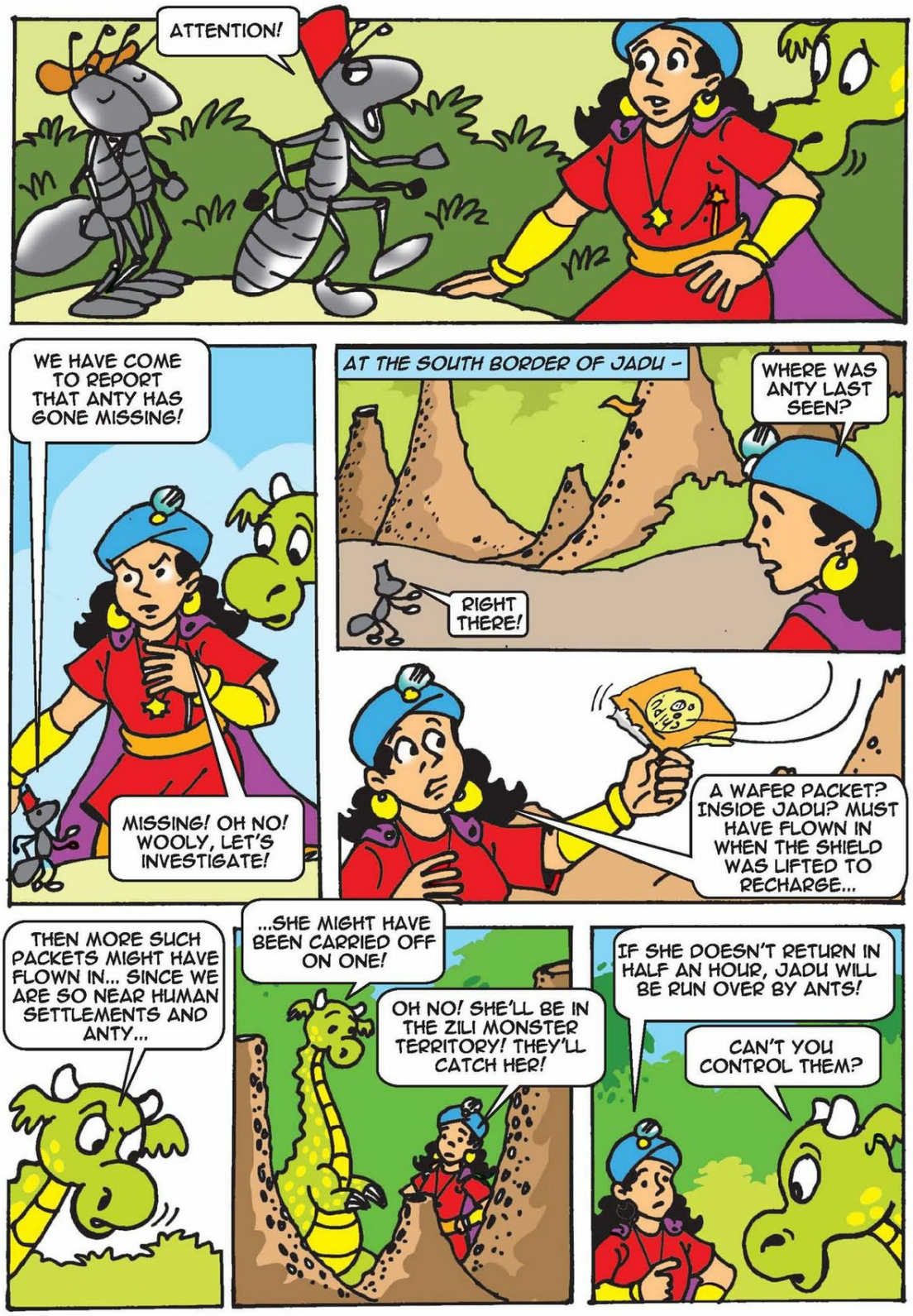


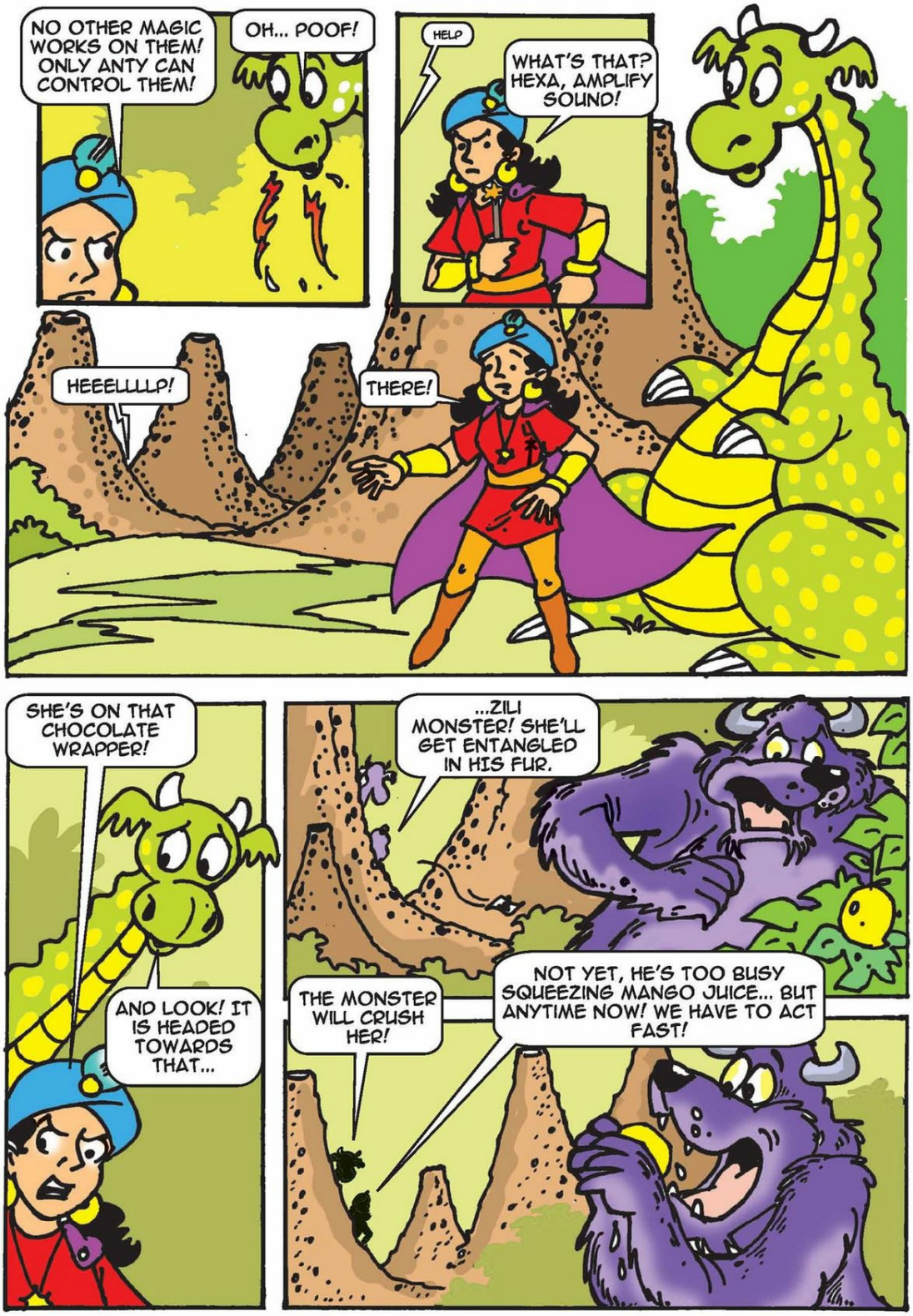

FLASH!
THERE! WE'RE DONE...
?!!
...SUPPANDI? SUPPANDI?
I'M HERE!
AND MAY I ASK WHAT YOU'RE DOING UNDER THE BED?
WHY... PROTECTING MYSELF FROM RADIATION, OF COURSE!

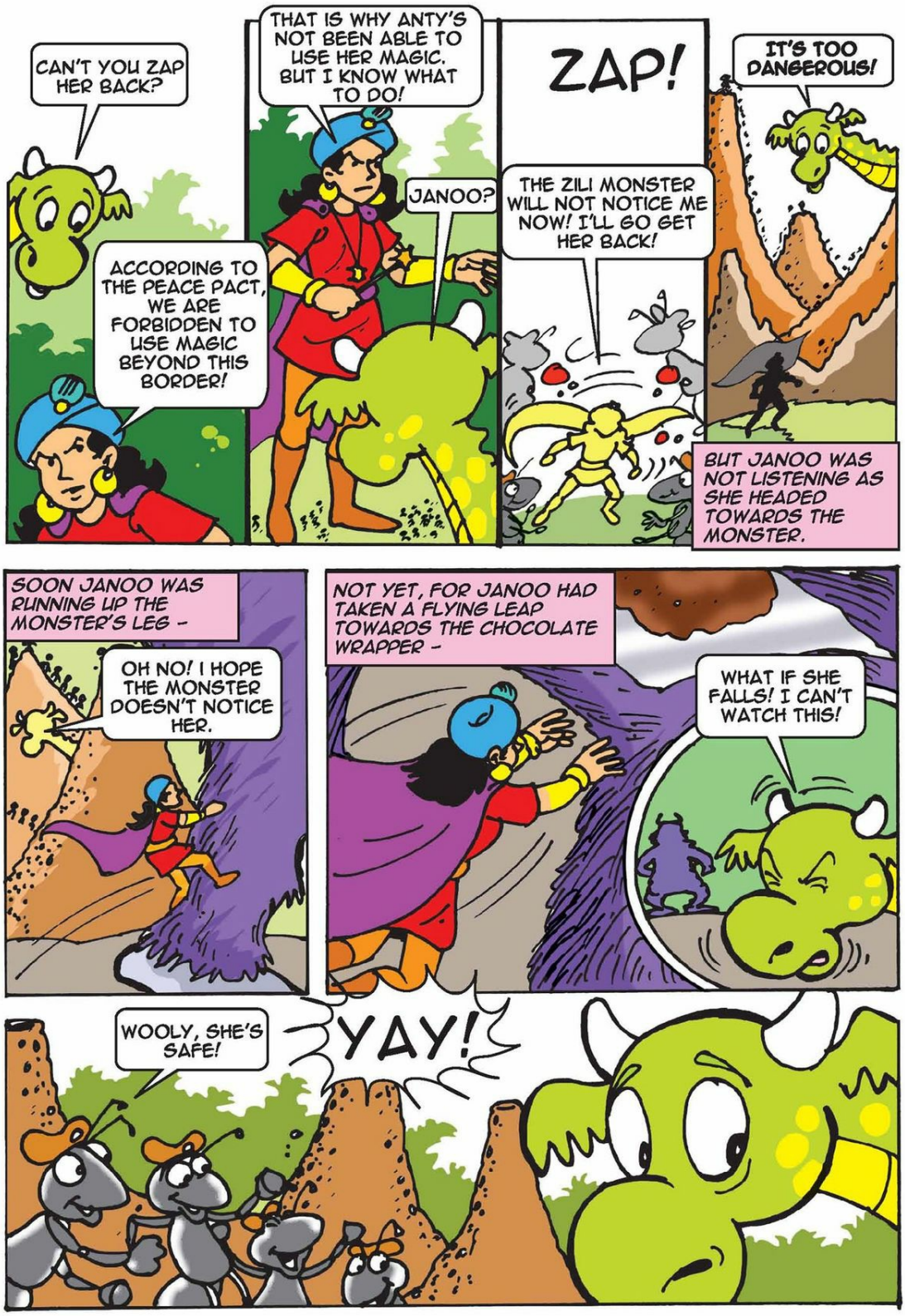
Janoo and Wooly Woo
The Ant Fairy
Story: Vaneeta Vaid
Script: Rajani Thindiath
Art: Savio Mascarenhas
Letterer: Pranay Bendre
IT IS A BEAUTIFUL SIGHT! I CAN'T BELIEVE A SHIELD RENDERS JADU INVISIBLE!
I LOVE WATCHING THE ELDERS RECHARGE THE INVISIBLE MAGIC SCREEN OVER JADU, EVERY FULL MOON NIGHT!
WELL, JADU IS A PLACE OF MAGIC! BUT IT IS ON THESE NIGHTS THAT JADU IS MOST VULNERABLE TO OUTSIDE THREATS!

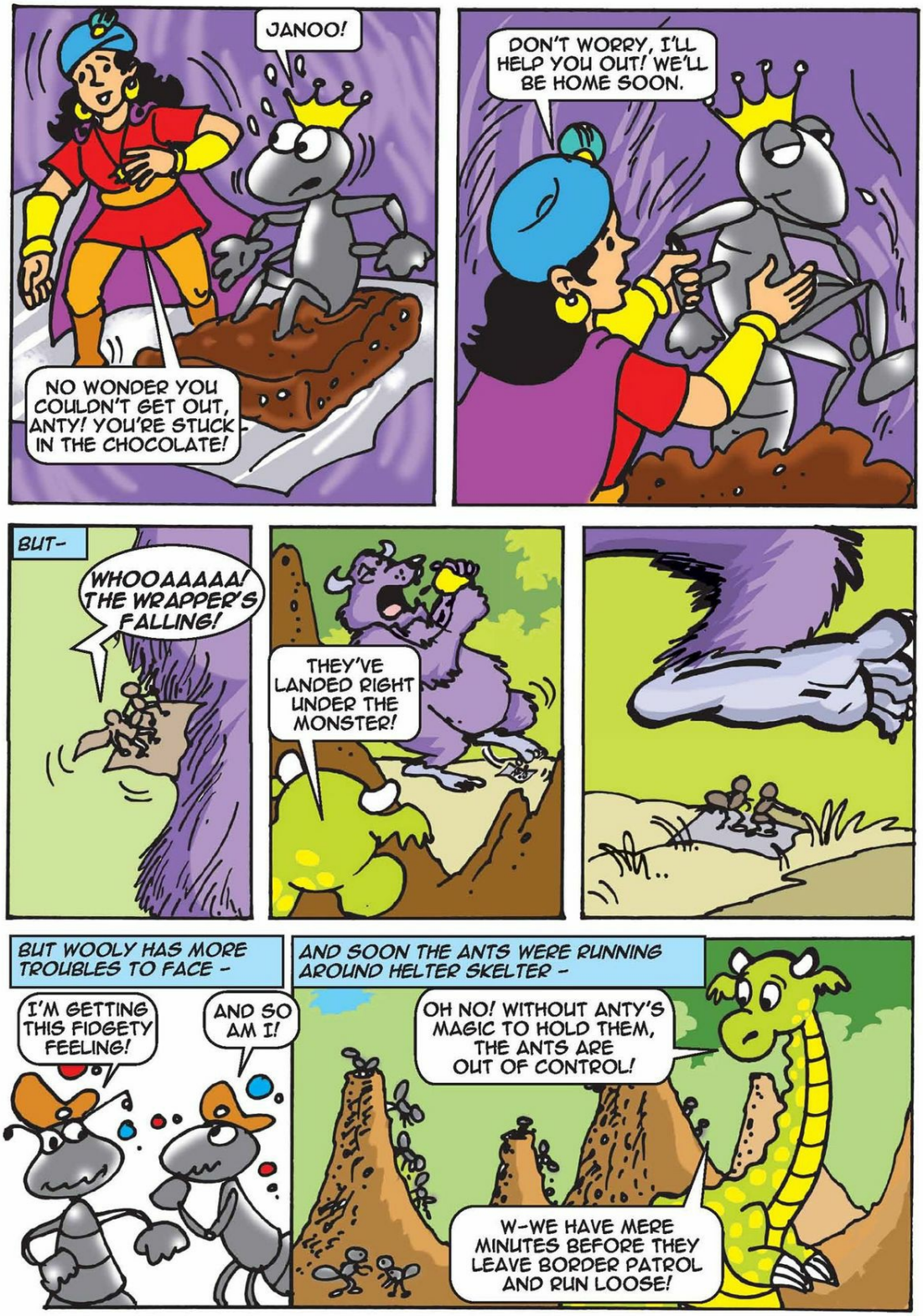

SPEAKING OF THREATS, WHAT ARE THOSE ANTS UP TO?
SHORING UP OUR DEFENCES ON THE SOUTH BORDER.
BY BUILDING ANTHILLS?
THOSE ARE MAGIC ANTHILLS! DO YOU SEE THAT ZILI MONSTER APPROACHING THE BORDER?
ARE YOU SAYING THE ANTS CAN KEEP HIM AWAY?!
JUST WATCH!
NO SOONER HAD THE ZILI MONSTER SET FOOT ON JADU THAN –
FRUM-PRUM-FRO! OUT OF ANTHILLS DO FEATHERS GROW!
ANTY'S GOING TO FIGHT HIM WITH BAD RHYME?
WOOLY! WATCH!

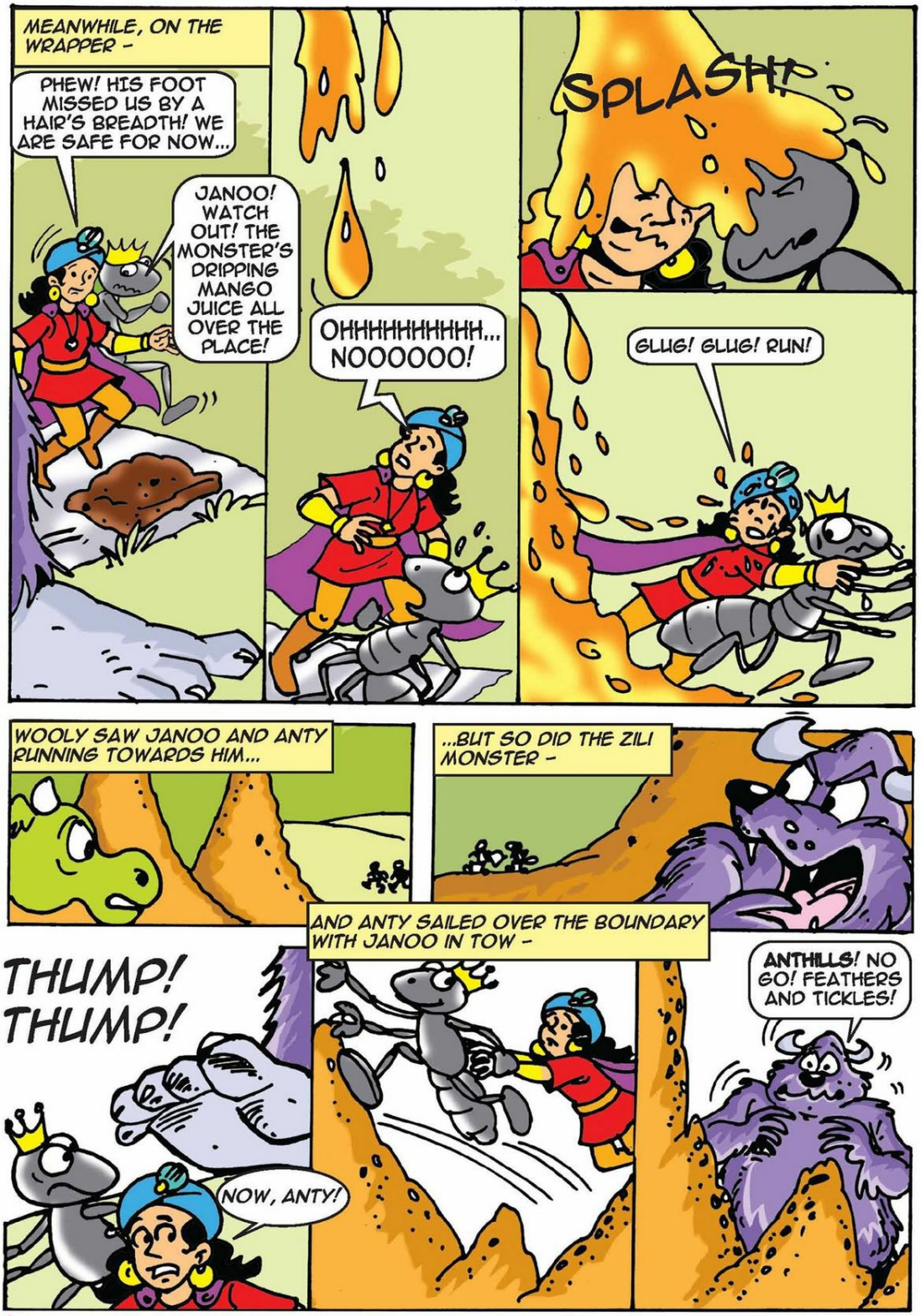

OH NO! ANTY'S MAGIC FEATHERS!
HE'S AFRAID OF FEATHERS?!
HUSH!
AHAHAHAHA! OHOHOHO! S-S-S-TOP!
HOHOHO! I'M GOING! STOP!
WHOA! THEY TICKLE HIM AWAY!
DON'T UNDERESTIMATE ANTY! SHE WIELDS A LOT OF POWER OVER MILLIONS OF ANTS!
WITHOUT HER, THE ANTS WOULD RUN AMOK ALL OVER JADU!
HORROR! I HOPE SHE NEVER LOSES CONTROL OVER THEM!
BUT THINGS REFUSED TO GO AS SMOOTHLY. THE NEXT DAY, JANOO HAD TINY VISITORS -
LEFT-RIGHT-LEFT!
AREN'T THEY ANTY'S SOLDIERS?
YES, BUT WHAT ARE THEY DOING HERE?


ATTENTION!
WE HAVE COME TO REPORT THAT ANTY HAS GONE MISSING!
MISSING! OH NO! WOOLY, LET'S INVESTIGATE!
AT THE SOUTH BORDER OF JADU –
WHERE WAS ANTY LAST SEEN?
RIGHT THERE!
A WAFER PACKET? INSIDE JADU? MUST HAVE FLOWN IN WHEN THE SHIELD WAS LIFTED TO RECHARGE...
THEN MORE SUCH PACKETS MIGHT HAVE FLOWN IN... SINCE WE ARE SO NEAR HUMAN SETTLEMENTS AND ANTY...
...SHE MIGHT HAVE BEEN CARRIED OFF ON ONE!
OH NO! SHE'LL BE IN THE ZILI MONSTER TERRITORY! THEY'LL CATCH HER!
IF SHE DOESN'T RETURN IN HALF AN HOUR, JADU WILL BE RUN OVER BY ANTS!
CAN'T YOU CONTROL THEM?


NO OTHER MAGIC WORKS ON THEM! ONLY ANTY CAN CONTROL THEM!
OH... POOF!
HELP
WHAT'S THAT? HEXA, AMPLIFY SOUND!
HEEELLLLP!
THERE!
SHE'S ON THAT CHOCOLATE WRAPPER!
AND LOOK! IT IS HEADED TOWARDS THAT...
...ZILI MONSTER! SHE'LL GET ENTANGLED IN HIS FUR.
THE MONSTER WILL CRUSH HER!
NOT YET, HE'S TOO BUSY SQUEEZING MANGO JUICE... BUT ANYTIME NOW! WE HAVE TO ACT FAST!


CAN'T YOU ZAP HER BACK?
ACCORDING TO THE PEACE PACT, WE ARE FORBIDDEN TO USE MAGIC BEYOND THIS BORDER!
THAT IS WHY ANTY'S NOT BEEN ABLE TO USE HER MAGIC. BUT I KNOW WHAT TO DO!
JANOO?
ZAP!
THE ZILI MONSTER WILL NOT NOTICE ME NOW! I'LL GO GET HER BACK!
IT'S TOO DANGEROUS!
BUT JANOO WAS NOT LISTENING AS SHE HEADED TOWARDS THE MONSTER.
SOON JANOO WAS RUNNING UP THE MONSTER'S LEG –
OH NO! I HOPE THE MONSTER DOESN'T NOTICE HER.
NOT YET, FOR JANOO HAD TAKEN A FLYING LEAP TOWARDS THE CHOCOLATE WRAPPER –
WHAT IF SHE FALLS! I CAN'T WATCH THIS!
WOOLY, SHE'S SAFE!
YAY!


JANOO!
NO WONDER YOU COULDN'T GET OUT, ANTY! YOU'RE STUCK IN THE CHOCOLATE!
DON'T WORRY, I'LL HELP YOU OUT! WE'LL BE HOME SOON.
BUT-
WHOOAAAAA! THE WRAPPER'S FALLING!
THEY'VE LANDED RIGHT UNDER THE MONSTER!
BUT WOOLY HAS MORE TROUBLES TO FACE -
I'M GETTING THIS FIDGETY FEELING!
AND SO AM I!
AND SOON THE ANTS WERE RUNNING AROUND HELTER SKELTER -
OH NO! WITHOUT ANTY'S MAGIC TO HOLD THEM, THE ANTS ARE OUT OF CONTROL!
W-WE HAVE MERE MINUTES BEFORE THEY LEAVE BORDER PATROL AND RUN LOOSE!


MEANWHILE, ON THE WRAPPER –
PHEW! HIS FOOT MISSED US BY A HAIR'S BREADTH! WE ARE SAFE FOR NOW...
JANOO! WATCH OUT! THE MONSTER'S DRIPPING MANGO JUICE ALL OVER THE PLACE!
OHHHHHHHHHH... NOOOOOO!
SPLASH!
GLUG! GLUG! RUN!
WOOLY SAW JANOO AND ANTY RUNNING TOWARDS HIM...
...BUT SO DID THE ZILI MONSTER –
AND ANTY SAILED OVER THE BOUNDARY WITH JANOO IN TOW –
THUMP! THUMP!
NOW, ANTY!
ANTHILLS! NO GO! FEATHERS AND TICKLES!

(PHEW!) HE'S GONE!
YOU MIGHT WANT TO TAKE A LOOK HERE – YOU HAVE ONLY SECONDS LEFT TO DEAL WITH THIS PROBLEM...
MY ANTS!
HMPH! WE'LL HAVE YOU BACK IN ORDER IN NO TIME! DROPS OF SUGAR, DROPS OF DEW, MAY THE MAGIC OF MY CHANT WORK ON YOU!
ATTENTION!
WELL, THAT TAKES CARE OF THIS PROBLEM!
WHERE ARE YOU TWO OFF TO?
TO TEACH HUMANS A LESSON FOR BEING RASH WITH TRASH!
AND THAT'S A STORY FOR ANOTHER DAY!

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES

Toon Tactics (page 3)

The Plane Windowpane Puzzle
18
(Each digit in the sequence is obtained by adding an odd number to its preceding digit. The odd numbers to be added are successive, i.e. 3,5,7,9, etc. For example, 3+3=6; 6+5=11; 11+7=18 and so on)

Maths Quiz
65
{[30/ (1/2)] + 5 = 65}

Plan B (page 32)

Logicomix (page 45)

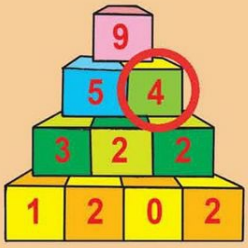
1) Jade. All the other girls are named after shades of red. Jade is a shade of green.
2) Suppandi simply turns the signpost so that the correct arrow points back to the direction from which he has come. All the other arrows then get aligned in their correct directions and Suppandi can continue on his way.
3) If URGCT stands for SPEAR, 'YG YGNEQOG VJG ITGCV UJKMCTK UJCODW' stands for 'WE WELCOME THE GREAT SHIKARI SHAMBU'. In the tribal alphabet, each letter is substituted by the second letter succeeding it. For example, A is replaced by C, B by D and so on.

You be the Detective (page 48)

Ans: The Queen's Teardrop was in the fish tank. When Sweety had watched the CCTV footage she'd noticed the peculiar way a man had of holding his pen. When the cleaning fellow was asked to fill the job completion form, he held the pen in exactly the same way. She realized he was the thief. Two days ago, he had broken the glass case to steal the diamond. He knew he would be searched and so he dropped the diamond among the coloured stones in the fish tank. He came back after two days, under the guise of a cleaning man, to 'fish' out the diamond.

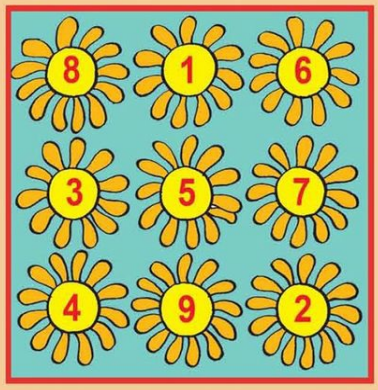
Maths Muddlers (page 59)

Build the Pyramid



The number in each square of the pyramid is the sum of the two numbers below it.
So, the third block completes the pyramid.

Bee Maths



Mind Ticklers (page 84)

A Scrambled Shouting
You-you! You think you're some **TOM SAWYER**? You're forever wreaking havoc in the class. And to escape from the consequences, you spin yarns like those in the **ARABIAN NIGHTS**. Why can't you use all that energy to study?... Studies are like **THE LOST WORLD** to you. Even when you're in class your attention is outdoors, dreaming about **THE WIND IN THE WILLOWS**! Are you even listening to me?!

Rebus Remix
a) Head Over Heels
b) I Understand
c) Space Invaders